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THE PARRICIDE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

"Homo homini lupus."

ERASMUS.


IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON.

THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND-STREET.

MDCCCXXXVI.



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THE PARRICIDE.

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS, the strongest feature of difference between the really good, and pious man, and him, who, without being actively flagitious, is yet animated by neither moral, nor religious principles, is, that the one resigns himself to the inflictions of adversity; the other invariably rebels against them.

Nevertheless, even now, I cannot justly blame myself for a neglect of this duty; I knew it not; I was in ignorance of its very existence; for, it is one that can only be learned either by tuition, or by experience of the futility of resistance. When therefore, misfortune assailed me,

unconscious that it was incumbent upon me to yield, I struggled beneath the blow, and rose violently, and turbulently against it, as I would against an enemy; in the full conviction that it was a wrong and an indignity, and that I was the victim of the malice of man, and not the subject of a trial ordained me by heaven. In this solitary, but grave error, originated almost all the calamities of my subsequent life.

Animated by the feelings I have previously described, I entered my father's chamber. He raised his head, and regarded me with a remarkable expression. There was much in it that was inscrutable; but, its pervading and most prominent characteristic was a singular union of sternness, and scorn. For an instant, I perused his countenance in silence; yet, it presented, as ever, a mystery which I could not entirely penetrate.

“Father,” I said, “you know the cause of my presence?”

“I suppose that I do, son,” he replied calmly, and contemptuously.

I considered him intently ; more so, perhaps than at any previous period. He was a little, slim, dry man, the composition of whose frame seemed to be solely bone, and muscle. In spite of his paucity of stature, he was evidently possessed of much strength, and of very considerable powers in the endurance of fatigue, or rather, of the causes of it ; for, his iron frame appeared to be incapable of submitting to any of those consequences which usually attend great and prolonged exertions. One could look at him and almost fancy that he might indulge in perpetual locomotion, during the remainder of his days, yet never require rest. He had a small, quick, penetrating grey eye, which roved incessantly ; and tended infinitely to strengthen the idea of his exemption from all necessity of submission to that periodical suspension, and curtailment of existence, sleep. Altogether, there was something in his figure, at once so nervous, so slender, and so supple, that, undignified as is the comparison, I yet must say, always strongly

reminded me of the nature of the eel. He seemed destined never to have a grasp laid upon him; or, if he ever were accidentally attained, to be able to extricate himself from it, the instant that it was imposed.

Disturbed, and excited as I was, when I entered my father's presence, it is strange but true, that almost these very thoughts, with scarcely a variation in either their order of succession or in their distinctive features, passed through my mind, during the single moment in which I was engaged in considering him. I narrate them, because they shew the tendency of my passions at the time; and the secret expectation I must have latently possessed of the *possibility* of our interview terminating in personal violence. When I had completed my examination, which, during its occurrence, I ought to state was almost unconscious, I sank on one knee; and said,

“ You see that I approach you with the respect, and allegiance of a son to a father; and I

trust therefore, that you will be generous enough to repay me by the entertainment of respondent feelings."

The old man slowly eyed me from head to foot; and his countenance assumed a darker sneer. After an instant's pause, I continued;

"Why, I know not, yet I believe and hope that the fault is not wholly mine, but, since the earliest period of my recollections, we have been divided, far as the poles asunder, though living beneath the same roof. In what cause, has arisen this disunion, even now, I can neither thoroughly understand, nor conceive. I have never been to you a knavish, or rebellious son; nor have you ever, *hitherto*, been to me an oppressive father. No doubt, the state of mutual apathy to which we have at last arrived, has been induced by a series of mutual misapprehensions; but, the primary source of their existence is both beyond my memory, and my comprehension. Perhaps, were we both to take an impartial retrospect of our conduct, each might discover some actions which he would wish

recalled: perhaps, I might learn that I had never been to you, an assiduous, and a zealous son; and perhaps, you might discern that you had not allotted me a sufficient share of that natural affection, which a child expects, and is entitled to receive, at the hands of the author of his being. There is however, worse than no utility, there is positive mischief, in recurring to the grievances of the past, except in the intention of preventing their continuation. 'With this object, therefore, I now address you. At the present moment, it is in *your* power to preserve me from a doom more hideous than I dare to depict, scarcely imagine; it is in *your* power, to give me, happiness, and yourself, a *son*; a son, who will feel that he not only owes to you his existence, but his regeneration in righteousness, not only the creation of his body, but the purification of his mind. This deed is in your power; it requires but a word to realize it; speak that word, and I will bless you!—Speak that word, I repeat, and, mark me, as long as I live, in weal and in wo, in health and in sickness, I

will never cease to attempt consistently, laboriously, to repay you, for the inestimable obligation you will have conferred upon me!"

Never had I expressed myself with greater sincerity. I did not utter one syllable that I did not feel; and my heart, and my tongue, acted in mutual and perfect concord. I was confident that there existed within me the power of executing all that I had promised; but, mingled with this conviction, was a lurking and painful apprehension that I should never be subjected to the trial. One glance of scrutiny at his inflexible countenance, suggested to me, that such arguments as I had employed, would have but little avail with my cold-blooded father.

After a pause, he said:

"You are very dutiful; I approve your conversion; you seem to have been suddenly inspired by a sense of the course you ought always to have followed. But, pray to whom am I *really* indebted for this very unexpected deference to my paternal authority? To my son, or to his less unscrupulous mistress?—Has his

obedience arisen in his own spontaneous impulses, in his own sense of right, or in her duteous suggestions?"—

He spoke bitinglly, and significantly; I felt his sting, and writhed beneath it. I saw that there was no ruth in him; and that I might as hopefully appeal to the mercy of a famished wolf, as attempt to excite his charity, by humility and contrition. I rose from the ground; and, as I was now fully conscious of the futility of the tone I had assumed, and would neither condescend to affect to have misunderstood his question, nor to submit to the indignity of uttering a falsehood, I replied,

“You are not wrong in your conjecture. To *CEnone*, *solely* to *CEnone*, you owe the heavy debt of obligation, which you apparently estimate so highly. *I* would have married in defiance of your prohibition.”

“You would?” he echoed rather sharply; and then resumed, in his usual voice and manner;

“You carry your head loftily, my young

cavalier, considering that you are a dependent upon my will. But, you are singularly ingenuous, and, as ever, exemplarily filial. Then, *you* really would have made a bride of your cousin, in spite of my opposition?"—

"I would!" I replied, in a tone of no superfluous audacity, yet, with undiminished decision; but added, "Perhaps, however, in reward of *her* obedience, you will grant to her, that concurrence which you are eager to refuse to the rebellion of your son?"

"Then," he demanded, with a slight appearance of relenting, "you are convinced that she will not marry you, unless I previously declare my sanction of your union?"—

"Most certainly!" I eagerly replied; "such is her sense of honor, and of duty, I feel that there is no power on earth that could induce her to become my wife, until you shall have previously pronounced your concurrence, and full approval."

"Good creature," rejoined my father, almost kindly; "I am really abundantly indebted to

her ; for," he added, while a sudden gleam of triumphant malignity flashed transiently across his countenance, "that approval you shall never have ! Therefore, you may as well at once resign yourself to your fate, and go and seek some other quarry ; when, if the new damsel should prove equally conscientious, perhaps, I may again let you down the wind, a haggard hawk to prey at fortune ; if not, you may even mate together, and—*starve.*"

Oh, how my blood boiled beneath this inhuman obduracy ; but, I felt that my all was at stake, and I retained sufficient mastery of myself to reply,

"I have painted to you the gratitude, and the affection you would have excited in me, by a compliance with my prayer ; I have told you, that I would have made the remainder of your days happy ; that I would have devoted my life to the liquidation of the debt you would have imposed upon me. *Now*, look upon *this* picture. Refuse me my intreaty, and drive me into desperation, and I will be a thorn in your path,

as long as the power of offence remains to me ; as long as I can raise an arm, or utter a defiance. And when I can do neither, I will find a proxy to execute the injuries which I will solace myself by inventing. *My* peace will have ended irrevocably ; and think you, that I will allow *yours* to endure? The law of retaliation is of divine imposition ; I reverence it ; and, in obedience to its dictates, *will* have “ eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot ;” even unto the very letter of the injury, I will repay the aggressor. Think you that I could walk along the earth in the knowledge of my eternal desolation, and suffer my destroyer to exist in quietude, simply because he is my father?—Lay no such fond deception to your heart ; the consciousness of our consanguinity will be but an additional incentive to my vengeance. From a *stranger*, I could patiently have suffered the infliction of many a grievous wrong ; but, to be withered, blasted by him at whose hands I was entitled to demand all the best gifts of affection and charity, is a thought

that can never fail to stir me into an immortal implacability. Delude not yourself therefore; look to receive from me such offices alone, as eternal, unmitigable rancour can suggest: as a dead body will I be tied to you, during the remainder of your days; you shall not act, nor move, nor breathe, nor think, but you shall feel upon you the baneful weight of an all-encompassing, palpable malignity!—Now, consider how such a spectacle will appear in the eyes of an edified world; how your friends of the court, the senate, and the camp, will regard and approve this exemplary strife between a parent and his offspring; and give me your deliberate, and final answer. Decide, decide irrevocably, whether I am to be a miscreant, a contemner of all laws, and a violator of all ties, during the rest of my days, or a fond husband, and a grateful and obedient son.”

He regarded me for a moment, with a countenance of ironical admiration; and then replied,

“ Excellent! by my paternal love, a filial

youth! a virtuous, duteous child! an affectionate scion of the parent stem!—And all this profuse expenditure of malediction, all this awful and prophetic denunciation of impossible retribution is awarded me, simply, because I will not suffer you, a baby, to unite yourself to a doting, old woman! a very Jezabel, who deserves to receive at my hands, the fate of her illustrious prototype, the regal jade of Zidon,—to be thrown from the window, her blood sprinkled on the wall, her flesh eaten by the dogs, and ‘her carcass to be as dung on the face of the field, so that they shall not say, This is Jezabel.’—Foolish, sorry, ungrateful urchin! down on your knees again, thank me enthusiastically for my rejection of your petition, and consider my conduct on this occasion, as an irrefragable proof of the vigilance and extent of my discriminating affection.”

I started; I may almost say, I leaped into the air. I had expected to be exposed to contumely and provocation, and thought I had clad myself cap-a-pie in the armour of insen-

sibility; but, each of these fiendish words found a crevice, and crept through it, like the red-hot sand which the fierce Tyrians hurled upon the veterans of the Macedonian madman, and ate into the very marrow of my bones.

“Father, father,” I exclaimed, “beware: do not tempt me too far! I feel that within me, is some of your blood—the blood of the tiger.”

And my own speech, to my own ears, sounded like the hiss of the serpent.

The impassive old man smiled.

“Father,” I said, “revile *me*, as you please, I will endeavour to endure in patience, and in submission; but, dare not, *dare* not to assail with your foul obscenities, a being of an order, and a state, exalted above even your comprehension—who stands in contrast to you, as an angel by the side of a moral lazar-house. Limit then, your ribaldry to me; and *dare* not even to allude to one, whose very name you ought to feel your own unworthiness to utter.”

“*Dare* not!” he repeated, excited for an

instant, into an emotion of natural anger ; but, immediately relapsing into his habitual apathetic sneer, he quickly added, “ and *why* should I not utter the name of my venerable guest?—Surely, such full grown virtue as hers, which has existed through, heaven only knows, how many winters, and summers, and is supported too, by all the illusion of an antiquity almost traditionary, cannot be polluted by even the most insulting gibe, which I can fling against it?—Fool !” he continued, pursuing this theme, for he had seen with the eye, and the feelings of a gladiator, the effect of his thrusts, “ the woman’s years qualify her more to be your *mother*, than your *wife*, and”——

I interrupted him.

“ Will you,” I vehemently exclaimed, my limbs convulsively trembling beneath the dominion of the direst passions, “ will you consent to my union with *CEnone*?”——

“ No !” he replied, in a voice of thunder.

I was in the act of springing upon him, animated by an irresistible impulse of diabolical

wrath; and heaven alone can tell what might have been the result! But, in that very instant, recollecting that there still existed the possibility of CEnone's concession, I savagely menaced him with my uplifted arm, and rushed from the apartment.

When I entered the presence of my prisoner, I observed that she was pale, and agitated; and looked searchingly into my face, with an expression of increasing alarm, and anxiety. But, I allowed myself not another moment for reflection.

“My stern father has refused me,” I exclaimed; “do *you* still purpose to persist in your determination?”—

She made no reply: but regarded me steadfastly with an expression of blended commiseration, and apprehension.

“My father,” I repeated more vehemently, “has denied me his consent: what course do *you* now mean to adopt?”

Again, she returned no reply: but, casting upon me an affectionate, and pathetic look,

arose, and slowly walked towards the door. This, was her sole, and too emphatic answer.

I was mad; the darkness, and the heat of madness were on my brain; I was sensible of their pressure and their fire; I knew that I was under their influence; yet still, I could not control myself.

For an instant, my eye wandered over the weapons that surrounded me; but, as rapidly, this thought vanished; and, instead of indulging my thirst for blood, I rushed past her to the door, and closed it: then, confronting her, stood towering in her path. I felt my whole frame dilate beneath my frenzy: my eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; every nerve was tremulous, and tumid with emotion; and my muscles prominent and rigid as ropes, like them, quivered in the fierce tempest of my dire, and delirious wrath.

“Will you,” I said in a voice in which was concentrated every passion that can disturb, and defile the human heart, “will you, or will you not, yield to my prayer, and abandon

yourself to me, as my wife?—Answer me solemnly, Yes, or No; and may all the grave responsibility of a negative, rest solely on your own perversity!”—

Astounded by my tone, and by the truculence of my gestures and aspect, CEnone gazed scrutinizingly for a single moment, and then firmly and proudly replied,

“ Think you that, as I have proved inexorable to your intreaties, I shall not scorn to yield to your menaces?—How little do you know me ! What a libel have you perpetrated on my heart and nature ! I tell you now, with scarcely a regret, boldly, and explicitly, No ! I will *not* unite myself to you, without the sanction of your father : and by all that is most sacred, I swear, I never will depart from this pledge !—*Now*, are you satisfied ?”

Instantly, as though a torch had been suddenly applied to the mine that was within me, the vast madness of my suppressed fury burst forth in one long, loud, infernal yell ; and then, rushing upon her, in a dire thirst for

vengeance, and for havoc, which, during the suspension of all reason, was purely ferine, I seized her fiercely by the throat.

The moment I felt its slender column fully encompassed by my iron grasp, its tender flesh yielding beneath the strong pressure of my fingers, I experienced a new, and indescribable emotion. At that instant, as though suggested to me by the malice of some ireful power resolved to effect both my earthly, and eternal perdition, the recollection of Cupid *tormenting* Psyche, unnaturally arose within my distempered mind. Fierce, and fell was the commotion it created ! a thrilling sensation of ferocious joy shot with a lightning speed, and heat, through my throbbing, and glowing veins ; and every foul passion rioted and reveled within me, as though hell had been holding its carnival in my heart.

With a demoniac exultation, I handled and compressed her snowy neck ; wound, and buried my strong fingers around, and in, its unresisting surface ; occasionally shifted the position of my

grasp; and increased and diminished its pressure, according to the indications which her countenance afforded of the state of her powers of respiration: thus, procuring for my disordered, and loathsome mind, pleasures that might have dishonoured a fiend!

“At length,” I huskily, and triumphantly exclaimed, in the atrocious delirium of my infernal transport, “at length, the doubts of my youth are resolved; and I *have* learned that cruelty *can* confer upon its votary, delights worthy even of a god!”

What induced me to spare her, I scarcely know; perhaps, the respect for the dignity, and admiration of the courage, with which, even in that moment, she insensibly inspired me. Not a word did she utter; not one struggle did she make for emancipation; but stood motionlessly, passively, in my deadly grasp, though the stagnant blood, the swollen veins, and the darkening hue of her features, displayed at once both her sufferings, and her peril. When I relinquished my hold upon her, her powers of endurance

were evidently exhausted; and she staggered to a chair, and fell upon it, in a state of almost utter senselessness.

At this moment, my eye caught that of the poor fawn, observing me with a remarkable expression. It was so replete with intelligence, and apparent comprehension of the eternity of guilt, and dishonor, which I had, in one brief minute, incurred, that it seemed to me almost supernatural. My heart sank within me; and I quailed for an instant, beneath this feeble animal's reproachful, and piteous glance, as though I had just discovered that a rational and a powerful being had witnessed my crime, who would proclaim it to the world, and secure to the criminal, his well merited meed of punishment, and infamy. But, in another second, my spirits rebounded with redoubled vigor from this sudden depression: again my passions were fired; and seizing the heavy iron bolt of an ancient cross-bow which lay on a table at my side, I hurled it at the head of my supposed reprovcr. The poor

animal received the fatal missile full upon its brow; and, without a groan, or a murmur, but with another ineffable, and ever memorable look of seeming reproach and monition, which thrilled and chilled my very soul with a superstitious fear, laid its bloody head on the earth, and tranquilly expired at the feet of its scarcely less unfortunate mistress.

In spite of her exhaustion, and the violence to which she had been subjected, *Ænone* had yet retained sufficient sense to be capable of observing this sanguinary and dastardly deed. During the moment that elapsed between its reception of the blow, and the extinction of its life, she watched the luckless animal with a countenance of intense horror and anxiety; but, when it breathed its last, drawing a long and deep sigh, with one slight shudder, and an expression of concentrated suffering, which all my cruelty had been unable to elicit, she covered her face with her hands, and turned her back upon her murdered favorite, and upon me. Then, from the irregular and convulsive motion that per-

vaded her frame, though I could not detect the faintest sound, I judged that she was vainly struggling against a grief which, in spite of her utmost efforts, had found a vent in tears.

At this sight, all my wolfish fury again arose within me. I rushed upon the unfortunate girl, and, tearing her hands from her face, forcibly turned her in the direction of the slaughtered animal. But, she closed her eyes; and thus defied and defeated the inhuman malice of my intention.

“What!” I cried, in the madness of my morbid and jealous wrath, “though for me you have a heart of granite, though you can view *my* woes without even the semblance of a tear, your perverted and capricious sympathy can awaken in a flood for your pampered minion? Would that the brute had a life which I might slay before your eyes through every minute in the year! Is this your exalted charity?—This your boasted benevolence?—This a specimen of the virtuous excellence which you have so ambitiously arrogated? *I* am, doubtless'y, a bad

man, a knave, a villain, in your philanthropic creed; yet, I can exclaim with sincerity, heaven defend *me*, from the possession of your fitful, vitiated sensibilities! But you, *you* who can callously sit, and ruthlessly, remorselessly award a fellow being, the decree which shall entail upon him despair in this world, and damnation in the next, are yet so humane, so exquisitely tender, so daintily sympathetic, that you dare not even cast a glance upon the carcase of a wretched fawn. Oh, how I loathe such accursed self-delusion!”

I paused for a moment; and then suddenly added in a startling voice of imperious passion, at the same time savagely attempting to fulfil my inhuman threat,

“Look—gaze upon—intently consider your murdered brute, or, by all that is sacred, I will teach you that my behests are not to be slighted with impunity, that I have an arm which can secure submission to the dictates of my tongue!”

But her eyes still remained closed.

“What! you are too timid, too humane?”

You will not *voluntarily* obey my mandate? Then, by heaven, I will try whether I cannot discover a mode of forcing your compliance!"

As I thus spoke, retreating a step, while with one hand I confined both of hers in a crushing grasp, in the hollow of the palm of the other, I caught a portion of the blood that was still copiously flowing from the wound in the fawn's head; and laying it upon her neck, suffered the contents to escape.

The moment wherein she felt the moist and warm touch, the effect I anticipated was realized; and, with a faint start, she instantaneously opened her eyes. But, when she discovered the atrocious cause of her anxious suspicion, saw the deep crimson stain with which she was polluted, she uttered a shriek that might have awaked the dead, and sprang electrically to her feet. Then, with a convulsive struggle, so sudden and so fierce, that for an instant I was staggered, she succeeded in extricating herself from my grasp; and, flying across

the chamber, snatched from the wall, the Assasinién dagger; that very object of my truculent admiration, which, but the previous day, while regarding it with a grim satisfaction, as the possible redresser of *my* wrongs, I so little deemed that *she* would ever raise against me. Confronting me then, and erecting to its fullest height her stately figure, she exclaimed maniacally, with a power and volume of voice which was both startling and thrilling,

“Dastard! miscreant! demon! approach but one step—dare to move—to breathe—to look, and, as there is a God above me, you shall feel to your cost, that, timid woman as I am, reluctant as I may be to witness the slaughter of an inoffensive animal, I yet have courage enough to look unflinchingly, remorselessly, upon the color of a monster’s heart’s blood!”—

The keen, and deadly instrument glittered in her grasp; her long, flowing, and white garments were smeared, and dabbled with the sanguine stream from the unfortunate fawn; her attitude was that of a demoniacally inspired

Pythia; and her eyes glared with a more than mortal horror, fury, and defiance. A spectacle so impressive as that, which she presented, it is not possible to conceive; and for a moment, I was disturbed, and arrested. But, the darkness of madness was still upon me; a mysterious and irresistible impulse to wrong, still controlled me; I ground my teeth, and beat the earth in a paroxysm of ferocity; and exclaimed in the husky voice of sanguinary wrath,

“Woman! when you saved my life, you saved the life of a tiger—and now, I will requite you, by taking yours!”

As I thus spoke, I was rushing upon my prey, when the door of the chamber was suddenly opened, and my father and sister hastily entered.

At the sight of this unexpected succour, CEnone cast from her the dagger, and threw herself into the arms of her affectionate, and startled friend. And then, the sluices of her heart were opened; her fiery, and unnatural passions deserted her; her bosom heaved con-

vulsively; and the large tears streamed in torrents from her eyes.

As I gazed upon the intruders, I felt that the course of my facinorous fury was impeded: but, I was still under the dominion of the fiend; *my* heart was not softened: and I folded my arms, and awaited in sullen but boiling wrath, the result of this detection of my infernal outrage.

For an instant, even my father's advance was arrested by the surprise, and perhaps, by the horror, of the spectacle which presented itself; but, rapidly recovering himself, he sternly exclaimed, regarding me grimly,

“The knave! he has verily been attempting the murder of his own mistress, his own kinswoman, *my* sister's daughter! The venomous worm! In sooth, for the sake of others, I must raise my heel, and crush him—or, at least, draw his poison-teeth!”—

How much of this speech arose in natural humanity, and how much in antipathy to me, the heart of the speaker could alone determine; but, I believe, that the former was little con-

cerned in its origin. While however, he made it, he advanced to seize me. I started from my fell lethargy, and seizing the oriental axe which I have previously described, raised it menacingly in the air. Still, the intrepid old man continued to approach; my sister uttered a fearful, and a thrilling shriek of horror, but, transfixed to the floor, by the very excess of her apprehensions, attempted no intervention. *Then*, therefore, I should have been a parricide, had not CEnone, fearlessly defying the risk of encountering the impending weapon, rushed rapidly between us; and, in the transient strength with which the agony of her terrors inspired her, compelled my father to recede.

This last trial, and convulsion of her feelings, infinitely more than the personal danger to which she had been exposed, combined with the inevitable conviction of the eternal desolation, which the incidents of the few previous minutes had entailed upon her future existence, wrought her to a state of excitement, which lifted her far above the consideration, and observance of all mortal

fetters, and distinctions. The dam of artificial construction was then suddenly overthrown by the flood of Nature; the scales fell from her eyes, and the shackles from her tongue: and, for one brief moment, the liberated woman, free and strong as mountain air, awoke within her, and, unblinded by prejudice, and untrammelled by doubt, spoke with the voice of Truth, clearly, forcibly, and majestically.

“Touch him not!” she exclaimed commandingly to my father, “touch him not! dare not to lay a hand upon him—sufficient already are the wrongs which you have committed against your son!—Unfeeling being! guilty parent! obdurate to man, and ungrateful to God! look now upon the result of your omission of your duties. See, in the spectacle around you, the consequence of your neglect of the claims of your child; of your sacrifice of them, to the indulgence of your own frivolous, worthless gratifications: of the devotion of every faculty of your nature to yourself alone. And think you, that no punishment will attend such selfish

indolence, such guilty activity? Think you, that because, with your own arm, you may have committed no action of positive crime, that you will escape all retribution? As surely as that you now stand impenitently before me, callous, remorseless man, atonement, for the outrages which have this day been perpetrated, will be required at your hands, *hereafter!*

She then turned to me; and, as she addressed me, both her sentiments and her tone arose to the level of a prophetic denunciation.

“And you,” she said, “you, who wear the mask of humanity, and conceal beneath it the bloodthirstiness of the tiger, the attributes of the fiend; you, degenerate being, who might have caused my heart to burst, but that my sense of your utter unworthiness, your profound debasement, has extirpated my love and raised me above regret, straightways repent! and expiate your deeds, or dread the career you will be doomed to pursue. Unnatural son! treacherous lover! sanguinary man! tremble—tremble at your own passions!—Unbend—descend from

your pinnacle—prostrate yourself in the dust—pour ashes on your head—pass the remainder of your days in contrition, and in *submission*, or I see reserved for you, in the long vista of the future, such a career of anguish and humiliation, as mortal being has never yet experienced. Believe my words; mine are the lips that utter them; but, I feel that the impulses which suggest them, emanate from no mortal source. Be warned then, sinner! and attend to a prediction, which arises in a mercy, and a charity, superior to my own. Henceforward, you will be to me, as the dust, the dirt, which I trample beneath my feet; I rescind for ever, the ties that have united us! Flatter not yourself that one stray particle, one solitary vestige of the affection, I once bore you, will lurk in the minutest crevice of my heart; it is gone irrevocably; routed, dispersed by a manifestation of atrocity, of a profundity of turpitude, which, in the inoffensiveness of my own nature, I never could have believed that aught which mortal could even have conceived.”

Every word was a wound; and, when she had concluded, I felt as a serpent may be supposed to feel, whose body has been scotched throughout its entire length.

“Son,” said my father coldly and sarcastically, for, even this scene had failed to rouse him into excitement, “you are a knave; and your mistress is a shrew. I think that I ought to retract my prohibition, and allow you both to marry, in order that you may prove a *blessing* to each other. Yes—such shall be my course: gentle youth, I permit you, to wed this fair lady: timid maiden, I request you to accept my duteous offspring as your lord. I cannot say that he possesses all the virtues of his sire; but, so good a child must make an affectionate, and faithful husband. However, I apprehend I scarcely need intimate that I hope you will not condescend to make my poor mansion, the arena of your gladiatorial, I mean, *connubial*, blisses; but, reverse the miracle of Joshua, and *build* elsewhere, to the sound of trumpets, and

other appropriate instruments, your nuptial nest."

"Oh father, father, forbear, I implore you!" exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him, in a voice of intense agitation, my terrified sister: whose cheek, during this fiendlike harangue, had repeatedly varied from the brightest red, to the coldest white; and whose eye had never ceased to wander alternately from me, to the sneering and malignant features of the savage and unnatural being, who was thus ruthlessly, and deliberately striving to excite a weak and always morbidly wrathful son, into the entire loss of his too feeble powers of self-government, and, far more basely and maliciously, calumniating his virtuous, and unfortunate niece.

"Brother," anxiously continued the affrighted, and foreboding girl, "brother, leave this spot instantly, I beseech you! grant this one favor to the supplication of your sister."

But, my only reply was a fierce, and menacing scowl.

“Leave this spot,” she repeated, “I intreat, conjure you!—stay not another moment, to expose yourself to the risk of being compelled to reproach yourself with having wantonly occasioned another strife; the consequences whereof, may bring eternal, and intolerable shame, and sorrow on your guilty head!—God in heaven sees that here already you have perpetrated sufficient evil!”

I turned upon her, with unutterable fury, again excited into madness by this reproach.

“What!” I cried, and I felt the daring, and desperate spirit of the fiend towering within me; “what! you all assail me!—But, tremble, for I am wolfish—I am thirsting for blood!”—And I clenched my fingers until the nails penetrated the flesh, and ground my teeth, and stamped maniacally upon the earth, in the very exuberance of my fell wrath. “And think you, that I will retreat, save, at my own good time, and pleasure?—I am like the foreign beast that knows not how to recede—ye may cut me to pieces, but still I must retain my ground. Yet,

begone, I will—never to look upon one of ye, again ! Before however, we separate, the ‘venomous worm,’ my tender parent calls me, will leave a portion of his sting behind him.”

I gazed, for a moment, with an extent of hate, which no words can pourtray, upon my ruthless destroyer ; he retorted with a glance of mingled scorn, and defiance. I turned towards CEnone ; she was still supported on the couch, whereon she had fallen, in complete exhaustion, immediately after the conclusion of her last speech. Her energies had been unnaturally excited in that effort ; and the consequent reaction was proportionate. Her face was hidden in her hands ; and her whole frame indicated the excess of lassitude and prostration. That the physical machine was utterly unwound, was most evident ; and, if one might have judged the disposition of the mind from the appearance of the body, I should say that, altogether, she then seemed as though she were conscious that *her* game was done, that *her* part in the tragedy of life had been played.

This opinion is the result of my subsequent reflections; at the time of my observation of her, I received a far different impression.

“Woman! I cried approaching her, “to you, I owe all this desolation! but for *you*, who now sit callously, carelessly, spectatress of the ruin you have made, these deeds had never been—but for you, I had never incurred a guilt which an eternity of regret could not expiate—but for you, I had never sunk alive into the deep grave of infamy which these desperate hands have dug! Solemnly, I forewarned you of the result of your decision—I told you that my fate was in your hands—that you might make, or mar it. And how did you reply? You loved your own repute, better than my salvation, and—behold the consequence! I stand before you now, a broken, shattered man, ruined beyond redemption, bowed beneath a guilt to which I will not yield, a conscious, but an *impenitent*, sinner! This, woman, is your deed, and may—But I will not bequeath you my blessing piecemeal; take it therefore, in the

aggregate, and share and treasure it among ye, when I am far and eternally removed from this detested scene. Hear then, father, sister, mistress, your son's, your brother's, and your lover's parting and final benediction—May the curse of the great Ruler of heaven alight upon ye all, for ever, and ever, and ever !”

And uttering a wild, fierce howl of mingled hatred, and defiance, I rushed from their presence; never I hoped, and believed, to look upon one of them again.

When I arrived in the open air, a winter's sun cast a faint, and frigid glare around. Feeble as were its rays, I writhed beneath them. I felt oppressively conscious that my deeds would not bear to meet the light; and experienced a hurried, indefinite impulse to conceal myself from the eye of heaven. After wandering a short time, tormented by this feeling, I perceived a cave, and entered it, there, to abandon myself to my ruminations. And bitter, oh, how bitter, was their torture ! At first however, I was too excited, and exalted, to be capable of entertain-

ing a regret for the crimes, I had perpetrated, or even to be conscious of the full extent of their heinousness ; but, as my indignation subsided, as the cloud which the passions had cast over the brain gradually faded from before it, I became slowly and painfully sensible both of the evil I had done, and of the situation to which it had reduced me.

Scarcely three brief hours had elapsed, since I was comparatively guiltless ; and was in possession of the love, the truest, most devoted love, of a being that, without an hyperbole, might be said to be an honor and a glory to her race, to consecrate humanity by her virtues. I had too, a home, and a dear and affectionate sister ; and, if I was not then, justified in looking forward to a life of supreme happiness, or, at least, in expecting to attain it immediately, for who can determine what patience, and the future, might not have ultimately procured for me ; yet, *then*, was it wholly in my own power to have averted a career of misery, and dishonor. But *now*—what was now, my present, and eternal fate ? Mistress,

sister, home, I had lost them all *irrevocably*; love, affection, domestic tranquillity, I was never again to experience the last, or be the object of the others. Where was I to turn? how act? whither seek shelter? I had neither wealth nor friends; and, if I had possessed the latter in numberless crowds, would rather have lingeringly perished, than have sunk from the rank of their equal or superior, to that, of their dependent; the thankful, humble, solicitous object of their capricious and eleemosynary bounty. How then was I to sustain, and to pass, the existence that remained to me?—Concession?—Should I return, and implore the forgiveness of those whom I had injured; should I sue at their feet for the pardon, which I could implore in consideration of my youth, its inexperience, and the violence of its passions; and pledge myself, with many a tear, and many an oath, to devote the rest of my life to an attempt to atone for the crimes of the past? Should I adopt this course?—My answer was but too quickly returned: I would rather starve,—die,—and rot into a por-

tion of the slimy surface that at that moment sustained me, than ever meet again, except in open and unmitigable hostility, the beings who had sunk me to my present state of crime, necessity, and degradation !

I thought upon CEnone as she was in the days of our happy intercourse ; and I loved her passionately. I represented to myself all the different scenes in which we had been involved : I fancied her in her chamber ; in our walks ; and buried beneath the flowers in Ianthe's garden. I recollected her pale cheek ; her sudden illness ; and the melancholy omen which she had expressed and which had been but too fatally fulfilled. I recalled innumerable instances of her kindness, her tenderness, her constant self-sacrifices, her ever active desire to gratify me. In these, and similar thoughts, I indulged until the tears gushed into my eyes ; and I cursed myself in the knowledge that this happiness had terminated for ever.

Then, I thought upon the CEnone of my parting meeting ; my opponent, my stern anta-

gonist; the inflexible, the ruthless; she who had asserted, and maintained a will of her own; had scorned my prayers, and viewed the future solely in relation to herself. In my imagination, then, the *Ænone* of the past, and the *Ænone* of the present, became two utterly different beings; the one, I loved, adored; the other, I loathed, detested. I could not persuade myself to consider them identical; they were possessed of a mutual repulsiveness, like that which is said to belong to some chemical elements, and it was beyond my power to make them unite.

But, what was the result of these reflections? A determination to succumb to my destiny, to bow my head before the inflictions of Providence, and to attempt to merge the memory of my crimes in a career of unexceptionable conduct? No; their chief consequence was the excitation of an increased hatred against those, whom I believed to have solely occasioned my downfall. I was perfectly sensible of the magnitude of the outrages I had perpetrated, and

of the indelible infamy they had entailed upon me; but, I felt little compunction for their commission, for I thought it had been forced upon me solely by the faults of others, and that *they* consequently would be justly doomed to bear the entire responsibility. Never did it enter into my mind to imagine that the violence of my own passions might have produced the catastrophe of which I was a principal victim. I judged not myself, but my opponents; I viewed *their* conduct sternly; but I possessed not the power of submitting my own to an impartial investigation. In taking a retrospect of the past, and considering the various causes which had conduced to the final, and fatal result, I saw but the actions of others: I was not blind to my own guilt; but, I implicitly believed that *my* dereliction had arisen, step by step, in the previous delinquencies of those who had opposed me; that their sins had perpetually preceded mine, and that mine, therefore, whatever their extent, were only the natural, inevitable, and venial consequence of

theirs. I said to myself, " I feel that I once entertained the wish to walk in the right path ; the love of peace, and the desire of tranquil happiness were in my heart. Then, whence has arisen my deviation, whence the expulsion of these virtuous sentiments, and the substitution of the ireful passions which now control me? In the agency of others, not in my own devices."

This, was the process of moral and mental delusion by which I arrived at the conclusion that *I* was heavily, and wantonly aggrieved ; and fortified both the obduracy of my rebel heart against the ordinations of heaven, and my sentiments of animosity to those, who were the supposed authors of my downfall. And in the madness of my wrathful nature, I vowed to pursue them with my vengeance, even to perdition !

During these reflections, the restlessness of my mind had communicated itself to my body, and I had strayed from the cavern, in which I had sought to conceal myself. Insensibly too,

but strictly in accordance with my present feelings, I had selected those paths, which extended in an opposite direction to that of the mines, and to all the haunts of men.

As I advanced, my mind completely abstracted from the observation of surrounding objects by the interest of my meditations, the day gradually closed, and the night approached. At last, my attention was excited to my bodily state, and situation, by the intense cold of the atmosphere, which, as the light had disappeared, had reached an extent that was intolerable. And now, as ever, the sufferings of the physical being, triumphed over, and dispersed all the hurricane of the passions; and every thought became devoted to the consideration of the means whereby I should protect myself from the evils I was enduring, and from those which I had to apprehend.

I have read in some old chronicle, of a monk, and a nun, whose love having been detected, their crime was considered so heinous by the bigots that judged, or misjudged them,

that they were sentenced to be thrown into a subterranean dungeon, therein to starve, and perish together. During the two first days, in spite of his intense sufferings, the male captive still preserved the feelings of a man, and a lover; and assiduously devoted himself to the consolation of his feebler partner in his horrid doom. But, on the third day, the physical agony, and weakness so subjugated the moral strength, the brute so conquered the man, that the cannibal sprang upon the defenceless woman, whose terrible fate he had himself occasioned, and wolfishly fastening his fell teeth upon her shoulder, ravenously rent from it the mean of momentarily appeasing both his hunger, and his thirst.

Whenever I have heard others, or have detected myself, vaingloriously exulting in the supposed unlimited dominion of the powers of the mind over the infirmities of the body, this anecdote has involuntarily recurred to me; and I have endeavoured to imagine what might have been my conduct, fierce, and sanguinary as I knew

myself to be, if I had been subjected to this terrific, and almost preternatural trial. Then too, I have thought, with apprehension, and self-misgiving, how horrible must be those pangs, which could induce a man to descend from the dignity of human nature, to assume that of the monster; solely in the base hope of transiently allaying them, and in defiance of the certainty of thereby only ultimately prolonging the term of their duration.

An effect similar to that which I have narrated, though in a far less degree, was produced upon me by the corporeal evils to which I was now exposed. All consideration of my moral calamities was wholly suspended; and hunger, thirst, and cold became the predominant sensations of my existence. Yet, where to turn for assistance I knew not; but had it been within my reach, I should have been too haughty to solicit it. *My* third day was not yet arrived; the sufferings, and privations, I was enduring, were great; but the torture and madness of their acme, were still far distant.

From the icy gusts which assailed me, even with the keenness of a weapon, I sought refuge in a cavern; and therein, I passed a loathsome night of memorable, and seemingly endless misery. Winter was then in its mid career; and consequently, many were the hours that really elapsed before the return of light; but, they appeared to me innumerable.

As, however, that first insupportable bitterness of my physical pangs, which arose in their novelty, somewhat subsided, I became in a degree familiarized to them; and my mind naturally once more recurred to the consideration of the moral calamities I had sustained. Then, in that thick, and lingering darkness, enveloped, as with a humid, and oppressive garment, in the dense, steamy, and noisome vapours of the pestilential cavern, my ireful passions again arose, and again I writhed beneath their malefick influence. From that moment, not a lagging hour in that accursed night, but I self-destructively occupied in ceaselessly pacing the dank and slippery floor of

my loathsome lair, invoking, with the tones and vehemence of a maniac, eternal maledictions upon the heads of those who had reduced me to this dire condition of bodily, and mental suffering!

At length, a few sickly and timid rays appeared in the lowering sky; and day gradually approached. I sallied forth from the den which had proved aught but a resting place to me, far more enfeebled by the mortal conflicts I had endured, than by either the absence of sleep, or my exposition to the biting cruelty of the elements.

Hitherto, in my description of my meditations, I have mentioned *CEnone*, and my fell oppressor, conjointly, as my opponents; a mode of expression, which may have implied that I possessed for them an equality of hatred. But, it is impossible for any words to convey the superior extent of the antipathy which I bore to the latter; and the deep, and painful sense which I possessed of both the injustice, and inhumanity of his conduct. I looked upon my

cousin as only the secondary cause of my misery, and delinquency: in my father's cruel, and unfounded prohibition of our union, had arisen the first, and real source of all the calamities which had ensued. I thought upon him with loathing; and, as I summoned before my mind's eye, the image of his form, and detested features, his sardonic smile, his sneering glance; recalled, and depicted to myself, his splenetic, disparaging, and malevolent nature; his habitual asperity; his inhuman obduracy; his narrow, sour, yet self-satisfied disposition, I thrilled with an emotion of blended malignity, and disgust, and writhed beneath the scourge of the very vices, the existence of which I was reprobating in him. And, since those days, I have become convinced that, in the great similarity of many of the leading features of our evil dispositions, originated the primary causes of our dissensions.

During the morning, a winter tempest of the fiercest kind occurred. I was on the summit of one of the chains of hills that intersected the

district, and nowhere could I find shelter. My face and hands were bruised by the violence of the hail; the excessive cold pierced into my very bones; and all Nature seemed to conspire to impose upon me its severest inflictions. As the day advanced, a slight thaw occurred, when the rain fell so heavily that my garments were drenched. Towards the evening, the frost returned with redoubled vigor; and the surface of my clothes was converted into one entire sheet of ice. Under the excitement, and exhaustion of this intolerable cold, my hunger became excessive; and thus, the principal sources of bodily pain united to torment me.

When the second night arrived, I was completely overwhelmed by inanition, and fatigue; and I fell into a state of stupor, during which, some hours must have elapsed. At last, I became conscious of the stagnation of my blood, and of the utter torpitude of the extremities of my limbs; an almost invincible tendency to sleep heavily oppressed me; and I was sensible that Death was rapidly approaching. With a

vast effort of the mind, as well as of the body, I sprang suddenly to my feet: stealthily, and treacherously, had the insidious fiend already encompassed me in his icy grasp, and I felt the foul chill even to the very core of my inmost heart; but, I resolved to struggle for my existence, and not to yield ingloriously.

During the day, I had found a fragment of iron, and another of native sulphur, and had also collected a few dry sticks; but, had neglected to avail myself of the services they might have afforded me, in consequence of the depression which I have described. These, however, I now prepared to devote to the purposes for which I had preserved them; I therefore rent numerous branches from the firs with which I was surrounded, and strewed them upon the earth, in a circle of some twelve, or fourteen feet in diameter. Intermingled with this more damp material I placed my dry wood, and, striking a flint against the iron, directed the sparks that it elicited upon the sulphur, which immediately ignited. Then, entering

the circle, I applied the flame to the sticks, which instantly kindling, gradually communicated their combustion to the large branches of fir.

Thus, completely surrounded by a cheerful, vivifying fire, I lay myself upon the ground in the hope of restoring sense to my torpid limbs, strength to my frame, and fresh vigor to my mind. But, I was no Antæus; and the earth proved no mother to me. The cold, the fatigue, and the agitation I had endured, seemed to have entered into the very sources of my being; and I was the hopeless victim of a depression, that weighed upon me like an incubus. In vain, I attempted to emancipate myself from this thralldom; in vain, I strove to gather solace from the sparkling rays around me, the fiend had gained too sure a hold, and no principle of elasticity remained within me. After a few more ineffectual struggles against this invisible, but irresistible dominion, I passively resigned myself to its endurance.

“And why,” I thought, “contend any longer

against the *cause* of all these secondary sufferings?—*Why* submit to existence itself when it has become a bane?—There is but little use in combating with hydra-headed evils which, as soon as one is vanquished, generate a new, and more potent substitute. When the tree is diseased to the very core, we waste not our time in lopping the twigs, but we seize it by the trunk, and eradicate it. And what is to die?—A less evil than to be born. To *live*, is to endure an apprenticeship to Grief, to Strife, and to Wrath; and to *die*, is but to cancel our indentures to three stern, and tyrannic masters. Then why should he who comprehends the nature, and feels the burden, of existence, not anticipate the shaft of Death? Why should he not be his own usher to Eternity? why be forbidden to play the hangman on himself?—It is but spontaneously pulling down the fortress which, some day, we know must fall, perchance, when most we desire its duration; it is but throwing up the cards when we are sure that the game must be ultimately lost. And

yet, is suicide deemed a crime. By whom?—By those who lie on beds of roses: the *wretch* will never thus vilify his sole refuge from despair. But, is there any real guilt in the act?—Fire is a useful agent, yet when it seizes on his home, a man extinguishes it, if he can. Then, why should he be commanded to witness lingeringly, passively, the combustion of himself, when a fiercer flame seizes on his own heart?—Life resembles the fire; and is a useful, and a valuable agent in the general service of Nature; but when, like the Oriental serpent, it turns its own fang against itself, surely it becomes both a duty, and a charity to smite it?—It is as a sword, which is beneficial, or pernicious, to its possessor, according to the degree, and nature of the dominion which he exercises over it. When our abodes of brick, and stone, become distasteful to us, we prefer to suffer a stipulated penalty, rather than not violate our tenure; yet no man blames us. Why then, when the harassed, exhausted soul boldly aspires to a glorious change of habitation, should

it be considered criminal to remove it from this ignoble tenement of mis-employed clay? Who may reply to my argument?—Is it capable of refutation?—I know not; little need have I to heed the answer!—What boots to me now, the commission of one crime more, or less? The marks of blood are still upon my hands; and if it be not *human*, I fear that I must thank my want of power rather than my want of will, for its absence. Secure in the magnitude of my iniquity, I stand above the apprehension of any farther punishment; the slight tinge of guilt which *may* attach to suicide, will never cast a deeper shade upon the sanguine stains with which I am already polluted. Why then, should I longer pursue this hateful pilgrimage? There is not one being that breathes, to whom my existence is beneficial, and to myself, it is malefick. Yes; I will change my state; assign my life to Death; bequeath my earth to earth; and learn what a new sphere will award me of pleasures and pains, of rewards, and punishments.”

While these morbid thoughts were passing through my mind, the fire with which I was surrounded, slowly decreased. On one side, the volume of flame was particularly diminished; and in this direction, I was abstractedly gazing, when I fancied I saw a light beyond that of my own circle. My attention to this object was gradually excited; and, at last, I plainly distinguished two small, and glittering orbs; but whether they themselves were intrinsically luminous, or only reflected the rays that fell upon them, I could not immediately determine. At last, after a more careful, and minute scrutiny, I discovered to my astonishment, and alarm, that these two shining bodies were the eyes of an enormous wolf, who was patiently awaiting the cessation of the flame, to leap upon his prey.

Beneath the strong instinct of self-preservation, my first impulse was to spring to my feet, and prepare to defend myself. But another, and a very different resolution suddenly arose within me; and, resuming my seat, I quietly

confronted the ferocious animal, determined to sustain passively his attack.

“Were it not better,” I thought, “that I should fall by the fangs of this beast than by my own? Providence perhaps, has graciously sent to me this mean of avoiding the incurrence of whatever degree of guilt may attach to the commission of suicide. I have devoted myself to death; yet, I should be but wantonly weak, were I to reject an opportunity of escaping both the pain, and the crime of inflicting it. This monster is acting in accordance with his instinct; is practised too, in carnage; and will despatch me speedily. I will therefore, receive the boon he offers, with the resolution, and alacrity of one, who abhors the curse of existence, and craves intensely the tranquillity of the tomb.”

During these reflections, the eyes of the animal continued to glare upon me with a pertinacity, and a savage vividness of expression, which seemed to show that he was

ideally devouring me. I kept my gaze as steadily fixed upon him; for, resolved as I was to die, I did not seek to meet destruction unprepared. Thus we remained for some minutes, in mute and mutual scrutiny, and expectation. Could any human being have looked upon us at this moment, he must have found a strange, and impressive spectacle, in this patient, and tranquil interview, and proximity, of an unarmed man, and a mountain wolf of the largest size.

At last, the flames that had hitherto formed a barrier to the advance of the animal, after gradually subsiding and flickering, totally disappeared; and between me, and my bloodthirsty antagonist nothing but the glowing embers intervened. Then, came the long expected moment of action. With one painful throb, one last lingering, clinging feeling, I bade adieu to life; and laid myself down on the earth, resolved to meet my fate unflinchingly.

I saw the eyes of the ravenous brute glisten

with an increased ferocity, and avidity; I saw him sink his haunches still closer to the earth; his back quivered for an instant, and then,—his huge form obeyed the violent impetus it had received, and darting through the air, fell upon me with a crushing weight.

Until this instant, I had continued firm in my resolve to perish; but, when I felt the fangs of the infernal monster burrowing into my shoulder; his hot, and blood-scented breath fuming into my face, his glaring and luminous eyes almost in contact with my own, I uttered a yell so sudden, truculent, and wild, that even the brute himself appeared to be appalled by it. Beneath the hideousness of this attack, and the pangs which it occasioned me, all the latent savageness of my nature arose with the speed, and almost with the fatal powers of lightning. In the mere impulse of ferocity, not in the instinct of self-preservation, or in the love of life, or in the fear of death, I availed myself of the momentary diminution of assault, which my terrific cry had

procured for me; and, with a convulsive effort, succeeded in partially arising, and at last, in firmly recovering my footing.

But, though this fierce, brief struggle had gained its immediate object, the wolf still retained his accursed hold on my shoulder; and I felt his bloody tusks crashing against the very bone. Maddened by pain, and fury, I exerted myself with a preternatural strength, and at length, extricated myself from his grasp, and hurled him to the earth.

Instantly, however, he returned to the charge, and striving to seize me by the throat, his vast bulk came into collision with me, with such overwhelming force, that, though he missed his aim, I staggered, and losing my balance, fell heavily backwards upon the earth; when, my wounded, and mutilated hands alighted in the very centre of a glowing heap of red-hot embers. The physical agony was intense; and foul, and ferine, were the passions that then animated me! Before the monster could renew his assault, I succeeded in again recovering my footing;

and then, for the first time, the arch demon of facinorous wrath arose within me, in all his stupendous violence. I was mad ; I howled, I raved, I shouted : *I* was wolfish ; and the sanguinary animal compared with me, became as the timid man, and I was converted into the beast of prey.

In *my* turn, I threw myself upon my ravenous foe ; he sprang to encounter me ; but *this* time, mine was the fortune to catch *him* by the throat ; and deadly and iron was the grasp I retained upon it!—The brute protruded, but in vain, his savage jaws, and gnashed his sharp fangs within an inch of my breast ; and again I felt his pestilential breath, hot and reeking with my own blood, steaming in my face. My desperate frenzy was if possible, even augmented ; and, while it supplied me with the vigor to hold him beyond the reach of my person with my right hand, with the other, I sought his eye, and in one quick, fell pressure, forced it from its socket.

No words can convey the piercing yell which the mutilated animal then raised. Yet, even in that moment, instinct was more potent than

pain; and, convulsively exerting his vast, and irresistible strength, he overpowered my guard, seized me by the throat, and by the mere force of his huge weight, beat me to the earth. In the fall however, I escaped from his clutch; but, ere I could again completely arise, the infuriated brute renewed his assaults, and fearfully lacerated my face. At last, in spite of all my preternatural exertions, he succeeded in obtaining a permanent hold upon me. Then, conscious that unless I could extricate myself, I was irretrievably lost, in a dying desperation, I resolved to undergo a repetition of the torture which had maddened me. I seized in my gashed and mutilated hand, one of the glowing, red-hot brands that lay scattered around. I *heard* the sudden hiss of the seething blood; I felt the fire dart into my bones; but, still I retained my hold upon the infernal weapon, and determinately thrust it several successive times into the face of the grisly beast, aiming at his sightless socket. One of my blows must have fulfilled my intention; for, suddenly, he uttered

a howl that was terrific, and abandoning his clutch, slightly retreated. But, in that moment, I could no longer control the expression of the agony I was enduring; and simultaneously raising a shrill, fierce shriek of mingled anguish, and fury, our united yell filled the vast space around, and rebounding from rock to rock, may literally be said to have ascended to the skies.

Ere the wolf could recover from the paralysis which his excruciating torments had occasioned, I threw myself upon him, in the mortal recklessness of a man who is conscious that his forces are failing, and that victory or death are dependent upon his present exertion. I could not see him, but I felt that he was resting upon his haunches, and that he was panting violently. With a final effort, in which I concentrated the entire strength, weight, and impetus of my whole body, I drove him to the earth; and, pinioning him upon it with my knees, before he could effectually exert his returning vigor, I thrust my hand into his open mouth, forced it down his long throat, and

seizing his tongue, tore it forth by the roots. As I have previously said, I was mad; and, in the delirious exultation of this moment, raising in the air my bloody trophy, and uttering a feeble shout of victory, I waved it for a few seconds triumphantly over my head: then, fell heavily, in a deadly swoon, upon the vast and still palpitating carcase of my vanquished but murderous foe.

Thus, again, my death appeared to be inevitable. Covered with wounds; the vigor of my constitution entirely, and irreparably undermined by the vast loss of blood which I had sustained, by my previous fatigue, and by the want of food; insensible, and stretched upon the frozen earth, in the very depth of the night, my sole companion a slaughtered wolf; in the midst too, of a desolate, and utterly unfrequented region, it seemed as though a miracle alone, could have effected the salvation of my life.

Many weeks elapsed, ere I recovered my

senses. Several days however, before they completely returned to me, I recollect possessing transient gleams of reason, and an occasional consciousness of my occupancy of a familiar chamber, and the attendance of a kind and well-known female.

My restored faculties confirmed to me, these half lucid conjectures. To my surprise, and pain, I found that I was in my own apartment, in my father's house; and that the zealous attendant whom I had discerned in the intervals of my delirium, was my affectionate sister. When I first discovered these circumstances, which afterwards so deeply distressed me, they created in me no emotion; all memory of the past was for a time entirely suspended: I possessed perhaps, a degree of consciousness of a previous existence, but it was like that, which one retains of the incidents of an obscure and dismal dream. I gazed around therefore, upon the familiar objects of my happier days, with a profound apathy.

But, gradually I awoke to a sense of the pecu-

liarity of my situation; and began to torment myself with the vain attempt to conceive by what strange occurrence I had chanced to be conveyed into that very spot which of all on earth, I most desired to avoid. Now too, I perfectly remembered my combat with the wolf; and how I could have escaped from the death, which it appeared to me, must inevitably have overtaken a wounded and senseless man in such a situation, was another of the subjects of my anxious curiosity.

My sister manifested the kindest, and the greatest joy at the restoration of my faculties; but, when I sought to acquire a solution of my doubts, she baffled my inquisitiveness, and, at last, decisively told me, that she would grant me no premature explanation; nor converse with me upon any topics of agitation, until I had attained a state of at least confirmed convalescence.

And most prudent, and judicious was she, as ever, in her determination. Men vaunt their reason, and their intellectual qualities, but

women, without arrogantly advancing their pretensions to either, far less frequently err in their practice. My debility was such, at this period, that any violent convulsion of the mind would, I do not doubt, have instantly destroyed me. To her thoughtful kindness therefore, I feel assured that I owe the prolongation of my wretched life.

This most fond, and dear relative would scarcely ever desert my chamber; hour after hour, she would sit by the side of my couch, gazing tenderly, and piteously on my face, and occasionally impressing upon it, a soothing, and sympathetic kiss. Little did I then, imagine the extent of the affection, which these repeated embraces demonstrated; but, I afterwards inferred from my aspect when I again became acquainted with it, that, at this period, it must have been hideous, as repulsive an object as the mind can conceive. I need not enter into a painful and offensive detail; it is merely necessary to state that there was not a portion of my face which the wolf had suffered to escape un-

mutilated; and to remind those who read these melancholy pages, of the innate love and craving of every woman for comeliness, to enable them to form a just estimate of the affection which my sister's action displayed.

My recovery advanced; and at last, one day, while my heart was overflowing with a sense of the goodness, and the charity she had so abundantly manifested, I said, tenderly gazing upon her beautiful countenance, with a mingled and painful feeling of contrition and gratitude,

“Dearest sister, how could you ever have forgiven me the violence and cruelty I exhibited on the morning of our separation?”

“You were truly guilty, I admit,” she sweetly replied; “but, when within only a few hours, as two brief days then seemed to me, after your perpetration of your misdeed, in all the health, and strength, and beauty of manhood, you returned to me, borne on the shoulders of four men, senseless, dying, your bleeding and mutilated body scarcely even retaining the vestige of humanity, I lost all recollection of your miscon-

duct, and of the pain and the shame it had occasioned me. Who, indeed, could have looked upon such a sight, and preserved a sentiment of resentment, even though the crime had been tenfold, and the perpetrator a stranger? But, when conjoined to these feelings of, I hope, only common philanthropy, I possessed the additional incitement of knowing that this miserable and senseless object was my once beloved and only brother, I felt all my former affection revive in me with a renewed strength; and, with heaven's grace, you will never again do aught to suspend it, even for a moment, but pass the remainder of your life in attempting, by a just conduct, to repay me for the love I bear you. Promise me, dearest brother, promise me that you will make this effort for my sake."

Her affectionate solicitude excited whatever of good still existed within my breast; and cheerfully and cordially did I return her the answer she desired. She then detailed to me the manner of my escape; which arose entirely in the slight accident of some miners having heard an

attractive account of the richness of the veins of metal in a peculiarly savage and unfrequented portion of the country, and consequently formed a small party for the purpose of examining it. In their route, they crossed the very spot on which I lay, when, by one of them, I was recognised; and thus this simple, but improbable occurrence was the cause of my most unexpected and involuntary restoration to the home of my father.

“And *CEnone*?” I said.

“*CEnone*,” replied my sister ruefully, “is gone. You have entailed, I fear, eternal sorrow upon her. If I rightly estimate her nature, there is in it no particle of caprice or instability. All her affections are and must be enduring. I believe that these conjectures are accurate, and consequently apprehend that you have been the cause of her suffering a wound which time will never heal. But the same consistency of character which will occasion the permanency of her sense of your loss, will not fail to render her equally retentive of your aggression. Be assured

she will never forget it; and, I fear, never forgive it.”

I sighed; and all the compunction of which my nature was capable, thrilled through my heart.

“On the day following that of your alarming departure,” continued my sister, “Ænone also quitted the house. She was evidently anxious concerning your fate; and she told me that she should never cease to feel an interest in all that related to you; though, she added, with an air of firmness which was convincing, that, were she to live eternally, she would never voluntarily see you again. She said, too, subsequently, that you had deceived her; that she had detected passions in your nature, of which her consciousness would never allow her again to enter your presence, and entertain a feeling of even common personal security. ‘But,’ she continued, sorrowfully, ‘they have produced a far worse effect; they have forced upon me the knowledge of my inability of retaining one particle of respect, esteem, affection, love, of any sympathetic

sentiment, save compassion, for their unfortunate and fated possessor.’”

“My dearest sister,” I cried, reproachfully, “what can induce you to repeat this cruel discourse? Do you not know that you are bitterly tormenting me?”

“Not *fruitlessly*, I hope,” she replied; “but if you desire me, I will, *now*, never again recur to this theme.”

“One more word; where, has the injured girl sought a home?”

“I know not; though my heart was overflowing with anxiety on your account, I still retained sufficient interest for her, to be most solicitous to learn whither she purposed to proceed. But, she repeatedly and positively refused to gratify my desires; and even my father, who indeed was very kind”——

“Mention him not!” I passionately exclaimed, suddenly interrupting her, “mention him not; unless you seek to force me to exchange my present calm, for strife and wrath, to convert my tranquil heart into a concen-

tration of gall!—‘*Kind!*’ *kindness* from him?—Kindness from the hyena—kindness from the tiger-cat!—How *can* you be so very a dupe?—How *can* you, rich as you are in all the gifts of natural, and acquired intellect, yet be so arrantly blind, as to suffer a demon to pass himself, even into the very citadel of your purest and holiest affections, as an angel, simply upon the infallible, unequivocal pledge of his own inestimable, Punic parole?—Fond, foolish girl, it maddens me, to see you thus audaciously made the victim of your own worth! He tells you, with the sneer of hell upon his malignant countenance, that he is all that is good, that he emanates from heaven; and you, in your virtuous credulity, in your duteous blindness, implicitly believe him.—But, let us quit this theme, unless you seek to drive me into distraction!—Tell me, does he know that I am, at this moment, an occupant of his accursed abode?”—

“Oh, my brother,” she exclaimed, “how can you allow yourself to entertain such sentiments of a father!—If he *have* behaved oppressively

to you, you ought, for that very reason, to experience an increased pride in showing that you still know your duty, as son, though he may have forgotten his, as sire—that you can bear, and forbear, that you can receive aggression, and repay with righteousness.”—

“Sister,” I replied, “I am sick of this theme, of all this hacknied dictation of the doctrine of paternal supremacy, and filial submission. I had enough of such canting sophistry from CEnone; she sated me with it; and I will not endure a hundredfold repetition of the nauseous dose from you. Had *he* begun by doing his duty by me, I should naturally and necessarily have responded by a similar course; I should *then*, have been as much a votary of good, as I now am a creature of evil. The tone, and features which I possess, I have adopted from him; they are the work of his hands; and by heaven, he shall yet live to rue both the iniquity of his example, and the fidelity of my imitation!—Tell me, again I ask you, does he know that I am a reluctant sojourner beneath his hated roof?”—

“He does; he was absent when your body was brought here; but, when I communicated to him, your arrival, and the state to which you were reduced, he expressed both sorrow, and sympathy, and——

“Foolish girl!” I cried, in extreme excitement, impatiently interrupting her, “you are killing me by this perversity! Look,” I added, pointing to the large drops of debility which agitation had produced upon my forehead, “look at the effect of your mistaking kindness. Mark me, I do *not* believe that he deceives you; I do not believe that you entertain the opinion of him, which you profess. But, let that pass—*me*, he never can deceive. I know him, within, and without, even to the very core of his being. Why, if he have suddenly conceived for me the affection which you suppose him to possess, why, has he never been to ascertain the state of a son, for whom he has expressed so much genuine ‘sorrow, and sympathy?’ But, God forbid, that such a caprice should ever enter into his head! I would not voluntarily look

upon him again for all this world contains!"—

As I thus spoke, the arras of that part of the chamber which was immediately opposite to me, was suddenly raised; and, emerging from beneath it, appeared my father, who advanced slowly into the middle of the apartment. Upon his face, sat his most satanic smile; and, in his most sarcastic, biting tone, he said, directing upon me, a withering expression of infernal malignity,

“A tender parent has dutifully come to inquire after the health of his exemplary, and affectionate son?”—

The instant my eye rested upon that countenance gleaming with malice, and heard the ironic and familiar tones of his detested voice, the whole circulation of my blood was thrown into a tumult. For a moment, it darted wildly hither, and thither; it rushed into my head, and then, returned in a flood upon my heart: I felt as though the whole order of my being had

been directly reversed ; and darkness came upon me.

When I recovered my senses, I found my sister affectionately tending me in much anxiety, and alarm. I gazed quickly, and apprehensively around the apartment ; but, when I discovered that my inhuman oppressor, had departed, my re-awakening emotions subsided. Nevertheless, my nerves had sustained a shock, the impression of which, was far too powerful to be soon obliterated ; and I lingered through the remainder of the day, in a state of debility, and depression, that might have excited sympathy in any breast, but that, of the stern object of my immortal hatred.

The next day, I was still laboring under the effects of this blow. My sister was sitting by my side ; and her anxious countenance plainly told me that she apprehended a relapse. At this moment, the door of the chamber opened ; and my father again stood before us. He made a similar address to me ; and he then invect-

tively added, with even an augmented expression of exulting malice,

“As I perceive by your countenance that my presence occasions you so lively a satisfaction, I shall daily indulge you with it. Every morning, expect me to come, to learn the condition of my son’s health.”

Again the violence of my emotions overpowered my weakened faculties; the sickness and darkness which are the precursors of insensibility, slowly stole upon me; and I sank upon my couch, in a state of stupor.

Yet, I did not wholly lose my senses; all the time I was conscious of the weight of wrath, and resentment, that lay upon my heart. When I recovered the full possession of my reason, it is impossible to express the extent of the hatred, and hostility which the renewed consideration of my unnatural relative’s parting intimation, excited within me. And I thought, “Was there any punishment which a parent who would permit himself to indulge in such an

atrocious and brutal tyranny over a prostrate son, did not deserve?"

I have little doubt but that my father's self-love similarly influenced, and blinded his judgment. I dare say he conceived that, as I had been criminal enough to allow myself to entertain a sentiment of antipathy to him, until it had acquired an irresistible ascendancy over me, he was perfectly justified in awarding me *any* punishment which *any* circumstances might supply him with the power of inflicting. I repeat I have no doubt that these were his opinions; and that thus, to himself, he palliated the brutality of his own conduct: so potent, and so general, is the sophistry of egotism!

But, *I* was inclined to regard that conduct with a very different judgment; it maddened me! and my frame was gradually perishing beneath the violence of my wrath. I literally writhed under the consciousness of my incapability of defending myself against the loathful tyranny I was enduring, or of preventing him

from practising it with impunity. I could have schooled myself into submitting to any infliction, if I could have dealt to him an equal measure of punishment; but, my sense of my impotence, possessed a sting that excited me into phrenzy.

I appealed to my sister; I asked her to give me now, her opinion of this conduct of my father; I asked her whether this cold-blooded, demoniac persecution accorded with the professions of sorrow, and sympathy which he had made to her; and then I burst into a paroxysm of wrath, and raged, and cursed, and invoked every earthly and future evil, upon his detested head. My sister attempted to appease, and console me; and again strove to inculcate to me the necessity of submission, and patience; but, I saw that, as she gazed upon my retrograding state, my violent agitation and rapidly increasing debility, sorrow, and commiseration were in her heart.

The third morning arrived; and with it, my savage tormentor to repeat his inhuman molesta-

tion. The sting of his sarcasms was as pointed, the shafts of his malice as well directed, as ever; but, I had resolved to forbear; and I spoke not, nor evinced even by a look, any symptoms of the agonies I was enduring. Neither, during the day, did I recur to his visit, to my sister; nor complain frivolously, and fruitlessly to her of the persecutions which neither of us could control. But, the moral effort that was necessary to enable me to suppress all indication of the wrath of my heart, was destroying me. I had no longer any portion of the bodily strength which had once enabled me to sustain uninjured, the fiercest tempests of my mind; the stamen, the root was gone; and my constitution was undermined for ever. During this day, therefore, I was gradually, and slowly sinking beneath the conflict; and my anxious sister repeatedly, and beseechingly declared her apprehensions that my life would speedily be again endangered, unless I could control my thoughts: for, she saw legibly written on my countenance, the agitation I was enduring; and was not to

be deceived into a belief of my mental tranquillity, by the silence I had imposed upon myself, and maintained at so great a cost of suffering.

The fourth day arrived; and it proved one of the most memorable in my eventful life. My fiend-like tormentor entered the room; and, inferring from the increased hideousness of his sinister countenance, apparently resolved to compensate to himself, for the supposed failure of his visit of the previous morning. What mode however, he had intended to have adopted for the purpose of additionally exasperating me, I know not; for, the very instant in which he appeared, the fire that had been smouldering in my breast, burst into one fierce, and indomitable flame. With the sudden, and transient strength, which transcendent wrath supplies, I arose in my bed, and, violently shaking at him, in insulting and malignant menace, my emaciated arm, maniacally exclaimed,

“ I hate you old man—worthless old man—I hate you—I loathe you—and I defy you!—

Come—come—within my grasp—and kill me, if you can, but let me *prove* to you, my abhorrence !”

My father advanced; hostility, and malevolence flashing from his dark, and glittering eye: I attempted to place myself in a position to oppose him; but, after a violent, yet fruitless effort, fell heavily, in complete exhaustion, on my couch. Still however, so entirely was the energy of my mind aroused, I contrived to retain an attitude of defiance; and still, my grisly antagonist continued to approach me. What must have been the result of our encounter had it occurred, is evident; for my debility could not have even momentarily sustained the least exertion of his strength. But, in that instant, my sister suddenly rushed between us, and, standing over my prostrate body, almost as a lioness may be supposed to cast herself as a shield before her young, intrepidly, and majestically confronted him; passionately, and reproachfully exclaiming, with a vehement, and stern gesture of prohibition,

“Father! father! advance not—stir not—remember that he is your son!”—

This sudden ebullition of reprobation in one, hitherto, so passive, and submissive, so feminine, so all enduring, evidently startled and impressed my vindictive foe, and instantaneously arrested his advance. In another second, however, his anger appeared to flow in a different direction, for, he rapidly strode towards my sister, with an uplifted hand. But, in that moment, again, excess of animosity, and apprehension restored to me the power of motion; and rising upon my bed, and fiercely and frantically menacing him, I screamed with the wrath, and in the voice of madness,

“Father! savage! dastard!—touch her not—dare not to lay a finger upon her—kill me, murderer, if you will, but spare that girl!”

The fury and the wildness of these unearthly tones seemed almost to awe even him; and he instantly ceased to advance. Speedily, however, all his habitual phlegm, and self-control

returned ; and he exclaimed in his usual voice of cold, diabolical, irony,

“ What a loving pair ! what tenderness ! what affection ! ”

Then, his manner changed ; and he added fiercely, and invectively,

“ Rebellious vipers ! evil-minded, yet stingless, with no weapon but your tongue, and that, like the ignoble toad, spits only an innoxious venom, know ye not, that I could crush you, if I had the will ?—Think you, that the hybridous audacity, the mongrel bravado begotten of your unnatural union against your parent, would form any bulwark against my wrath, if I chose to unleash it upon you ?—Worms !—earthlings ! ”

He regarded us piercingly with an expression of ineffable hatred, and disdain ; then resuming his wonted air, and tone, added sarcastically,

“ Yet should I rather admire your mutual devotion, and respect the exemplary tie that unites you. Instead therefore, of yielding to

the choler which your thoughtless, and venial intemperance may have excited in me, I will now acquaint you how ye shall be condignly rewarded. To-morrow, fond pair, you shall troop, baggageless, penniless, from this house, for ever. I disown you, I discard you, I rescind the links which Nature in a moment of malevolence, compulsorily imposed upon me; and cast you adrift upon the world, to learn whether you possess the skill to pilot yourselves into some less inhospitable port. Fight your own way; your destiny is now in your own custody; sink, or swim; fatten, or starve, but, thank my clemency that, though quite as helpless, I do not send you forth as naked, as when you were born. Begone, therefore, my children, take my blessing with you, it will not burden you with its weight; and, when you are hungry, you may think upon this hour of parting, and feed upon your mutual affection, or—upon each other: for, to-morrow, as sure as the sun rises, as sure as there is a heaven, an earth, and a hell, you depart from this house, voluntarily, or forcibly,

alive, or dead, as I will not even suffer your corpses a resting-place within these walls. I have spoken your doom; and you know me too well to require that I should swear by all that is sacred, and by all that is infernal, I *will enforce it*. So now, a last farewell—my children!—I cannot say that I entertain the fear which many fathers may endure in a final separation from their affectionate offspring—that, of oblivion on their part. *You* will never forget *me*; *my* image will ever be gratefully impressed upon *your* memories!—Again therefore, farewell!”—

My father quitted the apartment; and left us both confounded by his unparelled barbarity. My sister was weeping bitterly; and, for a brief moment, my heart opened to a consciousness of her woes, even to a temporary regardlessness of my own. But, my worst misfortune was, that all my impulses to good, were only more or less transient; while the feelings of strife and evil which opposition, or oppression excited in me, were never dying. There

are some natures, which seem expressly calculated to withstand the temptations of prosperity; and others, equally fitted to endure triumphantly, the inflictions of adversity. But, reverse the trial; subject the nature, which might have incurred all the best blessings of fortune, without the manifestation of one unworthy sentiment, to the pressure of calamity, and affliction, and it may be converted into that, of a demon. In a similar manner, the man who might have tranquilly and submissively, sustained all the worst blows of Providence, all the shafts its malice could have directed against him, shall yet succumb to its kindness; and become, under the lavish shower of its favors, self-willed, arrogant, inhuman; an oppressor, and a tyrant.

And this, was the luckless category, wherein I was placed; and hence, arose, I firmly believe, the doom which I ultimately incurred. I was possessed of qualities, which would have enabled me to have pursued tranquilly and un-

blameably, my path through a life of *prosperity* : and no man should have known that my heart contained the seeds of evil. But, my fiery temperament was perversely thrown upon a career of difficulty, and opposition : every contrariety struck upon me as the flint against the steel ; and spark followed spark, until my whole nature was enveloped in one general and indomitable combustion.

What little of good, however, still existed within me, was again temporarily called into action, by my sister's sorrow. I could not refrain from feeling that solely owing to her generous advocacy of my cause, she had entailed upon herself this bitter blow. And yet, strange to say, for such virtue is rare, in her disinterested grief, the generous girl mourned far more her father's delinquency, and my subjection to privation, and adversity, in a state so unfitted to encounter them, than the equal share which she herself was consciously doomed to partake. I believe implicitly that she did

not devote a single thought to herself; but lavished all her sympathy upon the two beings least worthy of it.

Another might have been subdued into resignation, by her bright example; but, it was impossible for me, tempered as I was, to behold it, without feeling my sentiments of wrath against my father far more excited than allayed. I could not support the idea of such goodness, such exalted affection, being exposed to every infliction that man in his most uncivilized state could endure; to the wind, and the rain, to the heat, and the cold, to want, and perhaps ultimately to death, through the horrid path of a lingering starvation. For even, if in the love of life, we could sink so low as to beg our bread, where could we obtain it? Not from the ferocious miners; among whom, if a few less ungenerous spirits resided, plenty was a word unknown: ill-fed, and ill-paid, they possessed scarcely a sufficiency for the support of their own existence. Friends, I had none;

Ianthe and her father, for some reason, then to me undiscovered, had left their abode and departed for a foreign land: and through the world, there breathed not one, at whose hands I had more than a stranger's title, to claim charity and protection.

These were the thoughts that maddened me; and, as the day advanced, and the appointed time of our expulsion drew hourly more nigh, my agitation augmented. In the mental weakness, and indecision which my bodily ailments produced, repeatedly, I consulted my sister as to the course we should pursue. But she, poor girl, knew not what advice to give: all *her* anxiety was, to learn how she should remove me from the house, in my present state of debility: for even she entertained not a hope of propitiating my inexorable father; we both *felt* that his decree was immutable.

At last, the shades of evening enveloped the earth; my tortures increased; and once, or twice, during a few brief minutes, I became

delirious. As however, the night advanced, I recovered my wandering senses: at least, such is my firm belief.

And now, I have to relate the most extraordinary incident of my life; one, so extraordinary, that my reason tells me that it can never have really occurred, that I must have been still under the dominion of my delirium, and have mistaken one of its wild and terrible phantasms, for a reality. But, what is human reason?—Human arrogance—human fallacy. Who can say, what may be, and what may not be? who can define the limits of the possible, and the impossible? He who pretends to have achieved this task is both foolish, and impious. The laws of Nature *have* been violated; the great Principle of Evil *has* “gone to and fro upon the earth, and walked up and down on it;” and spirits of less power *have* entered into the bodies of men.

I will now however, narrate the occurrences which I witnessed, as they appeared to *me*: let each attach to them the degree of faith, or

incredulity, which he may deem them to deserve.

I was lying on my back, the wretched victim of the most evil, and truculent thoughts. My sister was slumbering in a chair, by my side : several times I spoke to her, but in vain ; I even arose, and shook her arm, but her sleep was so profound, I did not awaken her. Then, in pity to her sorrows, and fatigues, I desisted from my attempts ; and strove, by every possible means, to divert my mind from the consideration of the atrocious project that was at once both recreating, and torturing me.

The wind was loudly, and plaintively whistling within, and without : and, though the rain was beating heavily against the casements, the cold was intense. Consequently, an enormous fire was collected in the large hearth of the spacious chimney. Some of the logs of which it was composed, were singularly large ; and their flames having expired, and all their gaseous qualities been entirely consumed, they now presented one glowing surface of redhot matter,

which shed through the chamber an imperfect, and mysterious light.

I listened to the wind; I strove to direct my attention to the rain; I made every effort to divert my mind into another channel. Turning towards the fire, I contemplated the radiant pile; and particularly distinguished one large mass of ignited timber. I watched intently the numerous fluctuations of form, and hue, the ever varying succession of flickering, lambent shades, which its glowing surface incessantly exhibited; and, recalling to my recollection the story of Althæa, and Meleager, at length contrived to persuade myself that the life of some unfortunate being was dependent upon its preservation. This phantasy I cherished, until it obtained such possession of my naturally superstitious imagination, that I was half meditating an intention to crawl from my bed, for the purpose of attempting to extinguish the fatal brand; when it experienced a change that instantaneously arrested my attention, and transfixed me on my couch. The various vacil-

lating shades, which had hitherto floated shapelessly, and uncertainly, like fiery clouds over its glowing and ever varying surface, suddenly concentrated themselves into a marked and definite form. And now, be my story implicitly believed, or discredited contemptuously, but, then, by all that is sacred, with these eyes, I saw distinctly, unequivocally, the figure of a man plainly depicted, in miniature, upon the burning log! Neither could I doubt whom this image was intended to represent; it was the exact counterpart of my father. The dress, the attitude, the action, the motion—all combined to render a non-perception of the similarity, impossible.

While I was gazing in mingled astonishment and dismay, upon this extraordinary spectacle, another actor appeared upon the fiery stage. It was myself; so evident was the resemblance, none who had even once seen me, could have failed to have observed it. This figure advanced from the side towards which my father's back was turned. Slowly, and stealthily, he crept

towards him ; and in his hand, he bore an axe of Oriental form, the very image of that which had so often attracted my gloomy admiration. Nearer, and nearer, my crafty effigy approached to that of my sire ; at last, he arrived within arm's length of his person ; and then, my trembling anticipations were quickly realized. The fatal axe was swung high in the air—down came the murderous blow full on the undefended skull of the victim—and the fiery shadow of my slaughtered father fell prostrate on the glowing soil.

The thought of my inmost heart was laid bare ! and I trembled beneath this supernatural revelation of it, and felt as dismayed as though I had already committed the deed, and been convicted of its perpetration.—But, the horrors of that night were as yet, only begun.

While my mind was still in this state of paralysis, a sudden flash of vivid light momentarily blinded me. When I recovered the faculty of sight, I perceived before me, within a few feet of the fire, a naked figure of a human

shape; but, how different the aspect, and how different the matter! The form was that of a tall, perfectly proportioned, and majestic youth; but, throughout its entire space, it was luminous; a pale and lambent flame played over its whole surface. The countenance alone, however, possessed for me the basiliskan power, which at once fascinated, and tortured; for, it was the living counterpart of the face of the Medusa of the ancient gem!—The vague, wild dream of my youth was at last realized! there, before my horror-stricken eyes, stood a terrible incarnation of the object of my foul idolatry: and now, as I gazed upon the too memorable features, I felt blasted beneath the weight of their mingled loveliness, and depravity!

Independently, however, of its supernatural characteristics, in the mere force of its human expression, and the perfection of its form, this startling apparition produced an effect of awe, and majesty, which were appalling and oppressive. I cannot better describe its general aspect, than by saying, that it united the august

figure of the Belvidere Apollo, to the infernal beauty of the Medusa.

I was heart-struck; the hair bristled on my head; and my whole skin was covered with the heavy dew of a superstitious panic, while I gazed upon this terrific vision; which, in its spiritual existence, was as perceptible to me as ever was human life, in its most material state. But, supposing even that my eyes could have been deceived, I can bring another sense to testify to the truth of my narration; for, the figure spoke: and could my imagination have unconsciously persuaded me, not only into the invention of a sequent and coherent colloquy, but, into the conviction that I *heard* it?

“What wouldst thou with me?” exclaimed an unearthly voice, musical, yet painfully thrilling.

“With thee?” I cried in tones of fear, “I seek thee not.”

“Thou hast summoned me,” it replied.

“I summoned thee not.”

“Thou hast—unwittingly.”

“ How?”—

“ *By thy evil thoughts,*” retorted the fiend. “ There is a depth and excess of evil, which the human mind may achieve, that exerts an irresistible sympathy over the beings of a nether sphere. Even in the lowest abyss of hell, I experienced the force of the chaos of crime which your breast was engendering; and I come in obedience to its attraction, eager to assist in subduing it into order.”

“ Who art thou?”

“ How shall I tell thee? How convey to thy finite powers, the qualities of immortality? From generation to generation, among the sons and daughters of men, I have possessed but a sorry repute: wouldest thou crave to inherit their notions, and prejudices concerning me, *them* I can fully reveal to thee, by the mere repetition of the designations they have attached to me; but, the true knowledge of my nature is incommunicable to a child of clay. The un-courteous Greeks denominated me, *Ate*; the imitative Romans, *Discordia*: in the East, I

have been called Belial, Arimanius, Eblis. As a penalty for my deeds, the silly insects have tried to sting me with words; and I have borne many names, and contumelies, and falsities, at the hands of the ephemera of thy race: among my own, conspicuous in the solitude and majesty of my power, I am their CHIEF; and seek no other title."—

“Then, thou *art* a spirit,” I said.

“I am immaterial, and eternal. But, I have a still higher claim to thy respect. I am thy Destiny. In thy earliest youth, thou hast worshipped me in thy inmost heart; and even in the very hour of thy first secret homage, of thy first mute acknowledgment of my supremacy, the disposition of thy future was irrevocably accorded me.”

And I fancied that a darker shade of malignity alighted on his brow, as he added,

“Look on me well: revere, adore me, for before you stands the ruler, the determinator of your fate.”

Tell it then, to me!” I exclaimed eagerly,

with that strange and strong thirst which all men possess for a premature knowledge of the events, which the hereafter is respectively to bring to them.

“Have I *not* told it to thee?” replied the fiend, at once contemptuously and exultingly; “have you not gazed upon the pageant, which I ordained to be enacted for your instruction?”

I shuddered: and then, rejoined,

“And what will be my subsequent lot?”

“Gaze again upon the book, which revealed to you, your prior fate.”

I turned to the fire, and directing my attention to the glowing timber, again observed the same sudden fixation of its restless and fluctuating shades. In another instant, the semblance of a large wheel laid horizontally on a mimic scaffold, appeared in the centre of the burning mass. Then, a figure, which I could not fail to perceive was intended for the representation of myself, entered from one of the sides, followed by another, who bore upon his shoulder, that, which his subsequent use of it

denoted to be a heavy, and murderous bar of iron. The effigy, which reluctantly, and painfully, I felt was the type of myself, and my fate, walked slowly and totteringly. Its back was bowed; its head almost rested upon its chest; its arms hung laxly before it; the hands were tightly interlaced: and the whole attitude expressed the extremity of dejection. When it reached the scaffold, in spite of its resistance, the other figure fiercely, and violently threw it upon the wheel; and then, bound it forcibly to this fatal altar of hellish cruelty. Still, the reluctant captive struggled piteously and vehemently to free itself; when, the ponderous bar was raised; and down—crash—it fell full upon the shattered arm of the shrinking, and miserable craven. Eight times, the dire weapon descended, until each of the limbs of the tortured wretch was broken in two places; one fracture being above, and the other, below the joint. With a loathsome distinctness, I saw the start, and the fearful, convulsive writhe, which every murderous blow

extracted from the blenching, and sorry representative of my accursed destiny; and could almost fancy that I heard the groans and shrieks of its mortal agony. At last, in the very moment that my sympathetic torment was growing unendurable, the executioner raising again his ponderous mace, and directing it to the chest, dealt the *coup de grace* to his expiring victim. The smashed trunk briefly, and slightly quivered; and then, life was extinct.

Oppressed with horror, I turned shudderingly to the fiend; he was gazing intently upon me; and a dark, and grisly smile of exulting malice was witheringly expressed upon his beautiful, but wreakful, and fearful countenance.

“Well,” he contemptuously, and tauntingly exclaimed, “can you read the book which contains the story of your destiny? Is the alphabet of which it is composed within the circle of your knowledge? Can you spell the name of him, whose effigy has just died a coward’s and a felon’s death?—Dastard! *why* is your cheek so blanched?—Can you, who

have no ruth for other's woes, yet writhe so hen-heartedly beneath the mere prospect of your own? Recreant! exult rather in the surety of your fate: none but the caitiff will dread aught, save suspense."

In spite of the oppression, and the horror, which his presence, and the bloody spectacle I had witnessed, occasioned me, these demoniac taunts aroused me from my stupor; and, in a transport of indignant wrath, I exclaimed,

"Foul fiend, thou liest! *I shall never die a coward's death!*"

On his countenance was inscribed every ireful, and facinorous passion, while, with a fell triumph, he slowly, and emphatically replied,

"*Your doom is written!* An indivisible succession of prepared, and secretly linked, but seemingly natural events will degrade you from the proud state of independent man, into that, of a mere human machine, and infallibly conduct you to one ordained, and certain end. Waste not therefore your menaces; indulge not your hopes: shed not your tears; your fate is

fixed—irrevocable—*inevitable!* Struggle as you will—strive—pray—repent—the path is formed from which you cannot deviate—the groove is cut, from which you may never more escape! *You* may see not your trappings—you may feel not your bonds—you may hear not the clank of your chains—you may revel in your blindness—but, even as the unconscious heifer, you are caught, you are bound, you are arrayed for the slaughter! *My* ban—the ban of *hell*—is upon you, for evermore. Hail to thee then, equal, and brother, in sin! Let me offer present homage to the future murderer! condemned malefactor! wheel-broken felon! Or, to concentrate in one emphatic summary, all your glorious claims to my regard, hail to thee, *Parricide!*—*parricide!*—*parricide!*”

Three times, he uttered this hideous word, with a stinging, a withering malignity, the tones of which seemed to bite bodily into the very core of my being. In the same moment, all the mitigating features of beauty which had hitherto, in a greater, or less degree, always partially

pervaded his face, entirely vanished; and, in their place, the demon alone, stood terribly manifest, towering in all his infernal pride, and in the desperate glory and solitude, of his conscious, and incomparable atrocity.

My haughty spirit quailed; I felt myself shrinking, cowering, blasted: and, at last, I bowed submissively beneath the irresistible influence of this fell incarnation of every foul passion, of a stupendous pre-eminence of loathsome and abhorrent iniquity, which the merely mortal mind cannot even imagine. After a brief silence, during which, he continued to regard me with his thrilling and excruciating gaze of malefic exultation, he exclaimed,

“Farewell: we shall meet again: but *where?*”

If possible, his countenance assumed a darker, and more hideous expression, as he uttered this final, and emphatic question. But, while with a fascination which I could not surmount, I continued to pore upon his terrible features, again a fierce, and vivid flash momentarily blinded me: and when, I recovered the faculty of

sight, the evil, and accursed being had disappeared.

Then, a vast weight was suddenly removed from me; the air seemed to become again respirable, and though I do, and ever shall, believe, that I had *not* been asleep, yet I felt as though I had awakened from a heavy and terrifick dream. I gazed anxiously around me. My sister was still reposing tranquilly; no trace of uneasiness was on her countenance; and while I had been enduring all the tortures of the bad, she had been experiencing the comparative peace, which those who possess the virtue of resignation never fail to secure for themselves, even under the pressure of the direst calamities. Again the evils which she was destined to encounter so speedily, arose before me in all their fearful magnitude; and again I felt that I was the sole cause of all the privations and sufferings she must inevitably undergo, *unless*——

I trembled no longer to regard this dark alternative; on the contrary, I considered it fixedly, exultingly. The denunciation of the

fiend still rang in my ears: and I deemed myself a doomed man. All the fell passions of my nature were rioting within me. I thought, "If I am *ordained* to pursue a course, why should I vainly and ingloriously struggle against that, which is inevitable?" Again, I repeated to myself, "I am a doomed man!"—And I felt as though fate had done her worst against me; as though the seven angels had at once poured upon me, all the vials of God's wrath; "and I was scorched with great heat, and gnawed my tongue for pain."

Despair, the love of self-preservation, and the ravenous craving for revenge, all co-operated to urge me, to one identical goal. The interview with the fiend, the agitations which I had endured, and the general tenour of my previous reflections, had imparted to my mind, a delirious exaltation, a species of infernal enthusiasm. I seemed to feel myself above all common thoughts and actions; and even to thirst for the commission of some dark, and daring, some incomparably exciting, and execrable deed.

The weakness of the body served but to accelerate this unnatural insubordination of the spirit; and I was like a piece of machinery from which a retarding countervail has been removed. It is well known that, when the corporeal system is debilitated, the slightest stimulus will create ebriety; and, but for a corresponding reason, my mind had probably never entirely obtained its present bad eminence of drunken disorder.

• I said to myself sternly, and determinately, “My father shall not live. The ties of blood exist between us, it is true; but, I know where there is a blade that can sever them. Once cut the knot, and he *is* no longer my sire; no matter what he *was*. Parricide is but a name; and I have borne enough of deeds, to make me insensible to the obloquy of words. But, happen what may—come crime, shame, punishment, and death—he and I shall no longer infect the same atmosphere. One stroke will I give to secure my future freedom; a second, to save my sister from destruction; and a third, to revenge my wrongs.”

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through my mind, I arose in my bed. I gazed scrutinizingly on my sister: still she slept. I seized the lamp, and approaching it to her, passed it before her eyes. But she awoke not; and I was satisfied that her repose was profound. Then, with a violent effort, I extricated myself from the incumbent coverings, and alighting on the ground, directed my feeble and tottering steps towards the armoury. With infinite difficulty and exertion, I at length, attained it; and exultingly seized the Assassinien dagger. In tremulous haste I was then withdrawing; when, attracted by its glittering reflection of the rays of the lamp, my eye rested upon the blade of the Oriental axe. Instantly, as much in a sanguinary love of the formidable weapon, as in a determination not to miscarry in my enterprise, for the want of a sufficiency of arms, I resolved to bear it with me; though my strength would scarcely enable me to support myself.

Then, I turned my steps in the direction of my father's chamber. My heart beat quickly;

my limbs trembled; and my knees smote each other: yet, no trace of hesitation entered into my mind, and I dreamt not of departing from the fulfilment of my purpose. But, as I traversed the long corridor, that communicated with his apartment, I became so exhausted, that I was compelled to pause, and to sustain my sinking body on the balustrade that formed one side of the gallery. On this, I rested as though glued to it; so completely enfeebled, and breathless, by the exertion I had already undergone, that, for some minutes, I made repeated but fruitless attempts to resume my career; yet, never for one single instant, did I harbour an idea of abandoning my project. No—I was immutably bent upon murder; the determination I had adopted was the consequence of no transient impulse: it gradually arose in the general tenour of my thoughts during many previous months; was encouraged by reflection, fortified by hatred, accelerated by opposition, and confirmed by aggression. A sentiment thus founded, could not but be permanent; I felt that nothing

could divert me voluntarily from my course ; and my nostrils seemed to pine for the scent of blood—for the blood of my sire.

Sustaining the dagger, and the axe, in one hand, with the aid of the other, and the support of the balusters, I contrived to drag my emaciated frame as far as the door of his chamber. Then, the apprehension of being unable to raise the latch without a sound, occasioned such a trembling of my limbs, that, for some moments, it seemed that my panic would prove the very cause of the result, the mere thought of which had originated it. And my expectations were but too accurately fulfilled. Urged, at last, alike by my fell impatience and by the fear of being accidentally observed by some menial eye, in my present suspicious situation, I laid my enervated hand upon the intractable lock. After a few moments' fruitless attempt, it yielded unexpectedly to my uncertain and irregular pressure, and returned the quick, sharp sound I had so intensely dreaded.

In the agony of my apprehension, my forces

then suddenly deserted me; and, had I not seized upon some of the carved work of the wall, I should have fallen on the earth. But, while I thus sustained myself, the door emancipated from its fastening, slowly and spontaneously opened; and at last exposed to my anxious gaze, the principal portion of the interior of the chamber. Then, my craving thirst for blood, experienced the wolfish triumph of discovering, that my father was asleep. His face was turned towards the spot on which I stood: the light of the night-lamp shone full upon it; and distinctly could I discover every feature of his countenance.

I advanced a few slow, and silent, though staggering paces, into the spacious apartment, my eyes immoveably fixed upon his closed lids: and then, again, a feeble thrill of sanguinary exultation pervaded my whole being. But, at this moment, my strength entirely, and finally failed me; my trembling limbs yielded beneath my weight, and I sank slowly, and noiselessly on the floor. In vain, after a moment's tran-

quillity, I struggled to rise; the effort was fruitless. At last, conscious that my physical forces were rapidly diminishing, I desisted from all further attempts to recover my footing; but, softly placing the axe upon the floor, and securing the dagger in the apparel of my breast, I slowly, and gently advanced upon my hands, and knees, until I reached the bed.

Then, while I gazed upon the sleeping countenance of him that I so loathed, and thought that, at length, the tyrant was in the power of his victim, that the oppressor was now at the mercy of the oppressed, and that the revenge of all my hideous wrongs was within my grasp, a flood of savage triumph rushed upon me with an overwhelming force; and I delayed, for a few moments, to deal the final blow, in order that I might fully enjoy the thrilling sense of our relative change. And as I looked upon him again, and reflected that beneath me, was the mouth that had vilified me, the arm that had threatened me, and the eye that had flashed in wrath against me, I repeated to myself,

“Mercy? *He* the oppressor, at the *mercy* of the oppressed? What could have suggested to me the *word*? When has *he* ever shown mercy to me? When I humbled myself before him, he spurned me; when I sought to propitiate him, he contemned me; when I offered him the affection of a son, and the gratitude of a christian, he discredited me contumeliously; and, when I strove to turn him by intimidation, into the path he ought to have followed, he defied and defeated me, at my own weapons. Grey-headed old man! Obdurate father! as well might you expect mercy from a starving hyena, as seek it from the child you have ruined. *You* are the cause that now I stand over you, a sinner beyond the grace of redemption; and verily, you shall have your reward. *You* are the traitor to God, and to nature, that has driven me without the pale of salvation, the tyrant that has taught me to bite; and verily, you shall be the first victim of my recklessness, the first object of the trial of the sharpness of my fangs. Stern egotist! fierce oppres-

sor ! hitherto, you have dealt to me remorselessly your ruthless laws ; henceforth, you shall receive them from me.—And now, for their first, and last enactment—which shall be merciless as your own, and at least, as impressive—for, it shall be written *in your heart !*”

As I thus concluded my truculent reflections, I raised the dagger ; for a moment, it hung suspended in the air, while I collected all my remaining strength, and determined my aim. Then, the weapon descended ;—but, not for the fulfilment of my atrocious intention ; for just as its course had commenced, my arm was caught in an iron grasp, and springing rapidly from his bed, my intended victim furiously closed with me, and attempted to disarm me.

In the sudden burst of frantic wrath, which this defeat of my dearly cherished vengeance, in the very moment of its apparent execution, occasioned me, and in the instinctive fear of the doom, which I now anticipated, I acquired sufficient force to resist his attempt to wrest the dagger from my grasp. When the struggle

commenced, I was upon my knees, but, I was quickly prostrated; still however, I did not abandon my hold, and, on the floor we rolled, father, and son, limb intertwined with limb, in a combat for life, or death!

But, speedily was the strife decided; the preternatural strength with which my fury had supplied me, departed; when, my father taking from my unresisting hand, the formidable weapon, and setting his knee on my chest, pinioned me to the earth. In the following moment, all trace of the slight animation which our contest had occasioned, departed from his countenance; and it resumed its habitual expression of diabolical irony.

“So, young roister,” he said, “your affection has prompted you to visit me, at a most unusual hour. But, what can prove an obstacle to the ardour of filial love? Yet, I dare be sworn that you did not expect so cordial a reception. But, I have been a whelp myself; and now, am in the plenitude of my maturity; possess consequently, a double wisdom, and know equally the

tricks of both your craft, and of my own. Be not surprised then, my ruffling youth, if the wily old lion have chanced to prove more than a match for the wild anticks of his sorry cub."

"Oh, how the accursed voice, and its too familiar tones of mingled scorn and malignity, stung me in that moment! I was almost suffocated by exhaustion, and by the pressure of his weight upon my chest, yet, I contrived to gasp in impotent fury,

"Old man! impenitent—ruthless—evildoer!—wolfish—fiendish father! I loathe—and still defy you!"

"You are unjust," he calmly replied, in his wonted manner, "I have not yet given you sufficient cause for so unusual a degree of antipathy. That son and sire should be discordant, is an established custom of the world, and therefore, a certain extent of hostility is proper, and venial in people of our station, and pretension; but, you are somewhat of a latitudinarian, and, in sooth, carry this privilege rather too far. If you compare me with others, you

will find that I have proved neither a very neglectful, nor a very stern father. The Sacred History records an instance of a parent, who, in a famine, boiled her son, and ate him. Comparatively with *her*, I think you will admit that I have been an excellent relative."

"Tyrant!" I cried, "coldblooded tyrant! how shall I rouse you into wrath—how exasperate you into a desire for vengeance?—Oh, would that your hatred were equal to mine, you would not debase yourself by the employment of these ignoble sarcasms, but entertain the passions of a man, and despatch me at once!"

"Why to reveal to you a secret, my son," he deliberately rejoined, regarding me grimly, "I will confess to you that, I believe, I abhor you, almost as much as you abhor me, although I am not quite so turbulent in the expression of my hostility. And now, to prove to you that, for once in my life, I have spoken to you with sincerity."

And he immediately added with some degree of natural energy,

“So honestly do I detest you, so cordially do I resent your cowardly assault of this night, that, unless you sue to me for my mercy; address to me a contrite, and a lowly prayer for your life, humiliate yourself utterly, abjectly, before me, by the heaven that is above me, your earthly career shall instantly terminate!”

“Let it!” I huskily replied, setting my teeth, in the extremity of my wrath, and desperation; “let it! I would rather die a daily death until the end of time, than voluntarily be again indebted to you for my life!”

“Wild brute!” he cried, “think again; be advised; descend from this mere animal ferocity into submission and penitence, and perhaps, I may yet spare you!”

“Tame devil!” I replied, “arise from *your* hellish apathy into the passions of humanity, and give me the only boon I seek at your accursed hands—destruction. *This*, I court, I crave—and, to stimulate you into compliance, again hurl in your teeth, my eternal defiance, and abhorrence!”

“Have then, your wish, sorry, sullen fool!”
he savagely rejoined.

And raising the dagger to the full extent of his arm, as though he were about to deal with it, a blow which would require his utmost force, he added in a quick, fierce tone of concentrated wrath,

“Even as Ehud slew Eglon, I will see whether I cannot find in thy wretched carcase, a tomb for both blade, and haft!”

But the expected blow did not follow this vengeful threat; the weapon still remained suspended in the air; and, after another moment's hesitation, he threw it away from him, exclaiming,

“No, thou Pandora's box, I dare not carve an opening into thee. I myself might fall the first victim of the pestilences I should emancipate. Keep then, your demons imprisoned in your breast, to gnaw and banquet upon your own heart; *I* will bore no hole in it, to let out fresh evils upon an already too suffering world. Live then; for, to live, to you, will prove far

worse than to die. Live therefore, my gentle son, to be *your own hell*."

He then added, after a momentary pause,

"And yet, however punished in mind, surely you ought not to escape altogether scatheless in body?—One owes a duty to self, as well as to others; and I feel that, in common justice, I am bound to grant you some little corporeal, palpable memento of your attempted parricide; some trifling mark that you may bear with you to your grave; and which, during your subsequent life, may never cease to remind you con-dignly of the gratitude of an aggrieved parent."

At this moment, I observed that his eye, as mine had previously been, was attracted by the reflection of the rays from the lamp playing upon the glittering blade of the axe.

"A judgment!" he cried. "'So they hanged Haman on the gallows, which he had prepared for Mordecai. Then, was the King's wrath pacified.' And why may not the axe which you must have brought hither, for a parent's murder, be made the instrument of that parent's vengeance?—It shall; and then, *my* wrath will be

pacified. You once said with your wonted, filial, and partial affection, that mine, was the spirit of the tiger : I now believe you were right. My heart, at this moment, is burning ; and I feel that it can only be slaked by blood.”

He withdrew a few steps from me, in the direction of the axe ; and then, paused to see whether I should attempt to avail myself of my emancipation. But, my strength was utterly gone ; and though *he* had left me, exhaustion and sickness still pressed upon me with even a more insurmountable weight. Instead of any longer possessing the power of motion, I required the exertion of all my faculties to protect myself from fainting.

Observing my torpor, my father advanced a few more paces, seized the axe, and resumed his place at my side. I was lying upon my back ; my arms were extended upon the floor, a considerable space intervening between each of them, and my body. Upon one of them, he set his foot ; and then, said,

“I have already more than once told you, that I have not given you sufficient cause for the

enmity you bear me, as *yet*;" and he laid a diabolical emphasis upon this brief, but in my present critical situation, infinitely expressive word. "Now, however, I will confer a boon upon you; for *now*, I will endow you with the power of cherishing your hatred, with some pretence of justifiableness."

He regarded me with a piercing gaze of triumphant, yet unimpassioned malignity. But, in the ensuing instant, the whole expression of his countenance abruptly changed. All its cold, phlegmatic, withering malevolence entirely disappeared; and an intense gleam of grim, wolfish fury shot from eyes half buried beneath a brow that overhung them like a penthouse; the teeth were set; the lips extended; the nostrils dilated; and every grisly feature denoted the sudden mastery of fell, and sanguinary wrath. Grasping the glittering axe in both hands, and holding it menacingly over my prostrate body, he vociferated in a thundering burst of fierce, invective vehemence,

"Bloodshedder! in intent, if not in deed; blood-red—blood-guilty! in heart, if not in

act : Parricide ! in will—receive a father's meet acknowledgment for such gentle mercy as you would this night, have fain accorded *him* !”

As he thus spoke, he swung the fatal weapon high in the air ; and then, like Moses, ere he slaughtered the Egyptian, “ he looked this way, and that way, and when, he saw that there was no man,” the trenchant instrument of his foul ruthlessness, descended. I felt a sharp and painful thrill, a transient sensation of numbness, and then, I saw the ensanguined axe quivering in the floor, between my left arm and left hand, which it had divided at the wrist.

I experienced neither dismay, nor regret ; every less emotion was entirely absorbed in the all predominant one of wrath ; in the maddening consciousness that *he*, the author of my existence, but for whom I had never been, and subsequently, the cause of all the evil I had endured and perpetrated ; that *he* who ought to have been *my* victim, should yet have enjoyed the triumph of inflicting upon me, this atrocious bereavement ! Severe, and ghastly as was my wound, owing probably, to the extreme debility of my

frame, and the consequent feebleness of the circulation, it bled but little ; and pressing as forcibly as I could with the other hand the mutilated limb, I darted at the fierce executioner of this lawless deed, glances of unvanquished hostility, and defiance.

The fire and the energy which had possessed his countenance now rapidly departed from it ; and again it assumed its wonted expression, more chilling and more gloomy than even the aspect of the dark, and frozen lake beneath us.

“You need not scowl, so grimly,” he said calmly ; “I freely admit that as long as you have a particle of life remaining to you, you will sting—if you can. Well—this conviction does not augment my antipathy to you. I hate a craven. Besides it would have been a mere idle waste of her stock, if Nature had supplied you with *every* earthly vice ; not one plebeian fiend below, but knows that you have a sufficiency to ensure your destruction. Your doom is written, my son ; it is matter of record, a theme of common topic, throughout the whole of Hades.—But, you do not deign to reply ? You are as

mute to me, as was the concubine,—‘ who was fallen down at the door of the house, and whose hands were on the threshold,’—to her master when he addressed her. Yet, now, I say to you, in the Levite’s words, ‘ Up! and let us be going!’ ”

To this inhuman gibe, in spite of my increasing wrath, I made no reply; and my father consequently added, after a moment’s silence, pursuing his citation,

“ *But none answered!* ”

Again he paused; and then resumed, with his wonted expression of infernal and phlegmatic sarcasm,

“ Yet perhaps, if I were to continue my imitation of the Levite’s example, and take a knife, and begin to divide you, as he did his concubine, ‘ into twelve pieces, to send you into all the coast of Israel,’ you might recover sufficient speech to bid me farewell.”

Then, in the wild, fierce ire of my heart, I *did* recover sufficient speech, to exclaim almost maniacally,

“ Father! fiend! hear me—be advised—be

not so fatally desperate as to leave your butcher's work unfinished—or, I forewarn you, you may yet live to rue its commencement !”

For some moments, he gazed scrutinizingly, and silently upon me ; then said, with an unwonted degree of solemnity,

“ We are both bad men ; and a certain extent of self-knowledge might have rendered me lenient, and commiserating to your moral infirmities, had you pursued a different course towards me. But, even in your earliest youth, instead of manifesting an affectionate demeanour, instead of attempting to propitiate me, to attract to yourself the love which I know was not redundant in me, but which might perchance have been fostered by docility, and submission, you ever stood aloof intractably, rebelliously. And even, if you ever did make an advance to effect a less stern state of mutual relation, you approached not meekly, and frankly, but gloomily, and proudly, with an air of fitful, sullen condescension, almost, of patronage. Think not however, that I am seeking to justify myself in your eyes ; I condemn your judg-

ment, as much as I now disregard your affection. I am but disburthening my feelings of the weight which oppresses them; making a self-confession, not soliciting your suffrage. I regret some passages in my previous life; but *not* the act which I have last perpetrated: on the contrary, I should have *regretted* had your aggression escaped without a memorable retribution. You chose to play a sanguinary game, and you chance to have lost it; you sought to fell a bramble, and the thorns have made you bleed: but yourself alone, therefore, must you blame for this result. As for your threats, I treat them with the scorn, which they have always excited in me: earth contains not the iron, with which you will ever injure me: but, the next time, you make the *attempt*, take care that the *latch* shall be *noiseless*."

During this speech, my exhaustion had rapidly increased; and, when he concluded, I could not speak; I could not even move; but, I turned my eyes in the direction of the axe, which still stood transfixed in the floor, and then regarded him with a significant and me-

nacing expression. I saw that he understood the purport of my look, which he scornfully met, and sustained, with an equally unflinching gaze of stern hostility, and defiance. In that moment, it wanted but some conspicuous natural indication of the close extent of our affinity, to have rendered this interview and scene, the very perfection of the terrible, even to a ruffian as obdurate, and sanguinary as ourselves.

I watched him steadily as he advanced to the door of the chamber; but, the instant he disappeared, all my energies recoiled from their almost superhuman tension. The wild wrath which had hitherto constituted my support deserted me; and the body at last obtained dominion of the mind. I felt as though my whole being were collapsing; and I scarcely had the power to cast one parting look upon my mutilated arm, ere darkness came upon me, and I swooned.

THE PARRICIDE.

PART THE SECOND.

HITHERTO, I have pourtrayed the fortunes of a being endowed with an even morbidly sensitive capacity for every species of natural pleasure; but, debarred by external circumstances from the attainment of it. *Now*, I have to narrate the exact contrast: to depict myself in the amplest possession of all I once most coveted; but, precluded by internal causes from the enjoyment of it.

Three years succeeded the termination of the incidents which I have narrated in the previous part; during which, life and death almost equally contended for the possession of my mutilated being. At last, the former obtained a feeble, and a fatal victory.

I lived; yes, I suppose that I must say, I *lived*; for, I moved, and I ate; and I presented to the eye, the ruins of the human form; but, in this, began, and ended, my affinity to my kind. I constituted no longer part and parcel of this world; neither its joys, nor its sorrows, its blessings, nor its pains, continued to exert their natural influence upon me. The materials of pleasure were around me; but, I was like a wasp in a beautiful garden; and the pernicious insect might as easily have extracted honey from the flowers, as I have found any quality of mitigation in the possession of those earthly advantages, which are the objects of the ambition and cupidity of the generality of men.

The remarkable succession of calamities which my body had endured, had induced a series of disorders which ultimately terminated in that frightful derangement of the vital functions, which is called atrophy. Daily, hourly, I was gradually perishing; but, with a fearful slowness. I felt myself thus lingeringly wasting away; yet, possessed no power of prevention. My frame was a skeleton; its integuments were,

I may say, in portions almost diaphanous ; nevertheless, I could not convey to it more than just a sufficient nourishment to maintain the feeble union of soul and body. After a time, I lacked not a craving for the usual sources of physical vigor ; I ate, and I drank ; but still I prospered not.

And in what condition was my mind during this state of animal depression, and decay ? It raged like a volcano. As its tenement grew more feeble, its rebel violence increased in strength. But the traitor turned all its arms against itself. Two passions alone occupied it ; regret for the past ; and an endless thirst for vengeance upon the author of my ruin. Every time, I cast an accidental glance upon my emaciated frame, and my mutilated arm, a hell of hatred arose within me : and cheerfully, oh how cheerfully, would I not have perished in that moment, could I but have possessed the power of forcing my father to accompany me into perdition !

And yet, during the greater portion of this long period, I pined for light, though I moved

in darkness. I entertained the strong desire to enter the path of amendment; but, I lacked the power. To *know*, and to *do*, to *conceive*, and to *execute*,—how vast the difference between these seemingly respondent terms!—I felt the course I *ought* to have pursued; but habit was too strong for me. I had been so long accustomed to the entertainment of turbulent emotions, and the unbridled indulgence of their impulses, that, though I was conscious of the pangs they occasioned me; and that they had entailed upon *me* far greater sufferings than on the objects of my enmity, yet I could not acquire the resolution to forego them at once, and to enter straightways into the paths of resignation and peace. I was not yet sufficiently tried in the furnace, sufficiently chastened, and disciplined by misfortune, to succumb voluntarily; and, by an abandonment of my previous course, thereby pronounce my sense of its guilt. Even now, *that* day has not yet arrived; my eyes are not yet thoroughly opened; the leaven of my past errors still sits upon their lids; and I fear, and feel, that, in the moment in which

I am writing, I cannot see, save under the influence of some degree of self-delusion.

At the time, however, to which I am alluding, I was far too haughty and intractable, to acknowledge even to myself my own fallibility: in my most compunctious moments of introspection, I was ashamed to admit that, during the great majority of the previous passages of my life, I had been as much in fault as, if not more than, my opponents. I persisted, in spite of the better promptings of my conscience, in regarding myself as one guiltless; as one only sinned against, not sinning. In fine, I wilfully and resolutely continued to view myself as a sort of martyr to the infirmities and vices of those to whom capricious fortune had perversely delegated the power of regulating my destiny; and thus, seemed to justify my maintenance of the infernal hostilities which I had so long indulged.

Yet, to such an extent, was my mind enervated that, even these passions, of regret, and revenge, potent as they generally are when once they have secured a victim, were fitful with me. I

possessed no longer the faculties of permanence, or stability; every emotion, every impulse, was more or less transient; I could pursue no object consistently. One only feeling never deserted me;—the sense of uneasiness, the consciousness of anguish. To this, I adhered with an unwavering, a merciless fidelity; but every other, was temporary, and unenduring.

In tracing however, the picture of a disordered mind, I have neglected the current of events. After our separation, my father had commanded a domestic to acquaint my sister, that an accident had occurred to me in the armoury, and that her presence was essential. In obedience to this intimation, she instantly flew to afford me her assistance; found my prostrate body, and by immediately applying styptics and dressings to the wound, prolonged my life for the commission of fresh calamities. What were her feelings upon the first discovery of my mutilation, I need not attempt to describe; they can be imagined, and I could do no more than paint them from conjecture, for I was senseless during their ebullition. But, it is remarkable that *no*

explanation ever occurred between us respecting this bereavement. Many, many weeks elapsed before I regained sufficient strength to converse; and then, she asked no questions concerning it, or even alluded to its occurrence. Even at this moment, I know not whether she was ever acquainted with the true cause of my maim; yet, her unbroken silence on the subject, naturally leads me to suppose that she was only too accurately informed; though the merciless perpetrator of this deliberately sanguinary deed, had himself intimated to the domestics, that it was the result of an accident.

And now, I have to relate a circumstance, which caused me, during a brief period, some slight alleviation of my pangs. On the morning following the night of our encounter, my stern destroyer disappeared. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently to be made acquainted with his departure, I recollected that, on that memorable occasion, he had bidden me, *farewell*; though I then little dreamed that an expression which I supposed only to have been employed as one of his many insulting gibes, really indi-

cated the approach of an occurrence so utterly unexpected.

Subsequently to his departure, it was discovered that, during several previous weeks, he had been making preparations for it; but, they had been executed so secretly, that neither my sister, nor any other member of our household, save one favorite menial whom he had taken with him, had any suspicion of either his proceedings, or of his intention. Thus, probably, he had never purposed to fulfil his threat of expelling us from his house, but only to render us miserable by the anticipation of an expulsion. Consequently, could I only have governed my wrath, for one single night, I might perhaps, have escaped all the evils which were the consequence of its indulgence: a galling reflection which never failed to excite in me an insupportable increase of acerbity.

Many months elapsed after the departure of my father. A year expired: yet still we heard no news of him, or could form any conjecture of the objects of his mysterious disappearance. Our pecuniary resources were rapidly diminish-

ing; and my sister, who, in consequence of my incapacity, superintended the whole of our domestic arrangements, was beginning to apprehend the addition of poverty to a catalogue of calamity already redundant. At this period, I received a letter, addressed to me, by an individual resident in the metropolis. It stated, very laconically, that, not having heard from my father during a considerable time, and having sufficient reason to believe that he was dead, he felt himself authorized to pay me in future, the revenues of a large foreign estate which he had possessed on the shores of the Mediterranean. It added that my father, when he left us, had in fulfilment of a long contemplated, and cherished project, gone immediately to Southern America for various ornithological, and generally scientific, purposes; and that, from letters which had recently been received, it was supposed that he had fallen a victim to the plague, which was at the present time, violently raging in Mexico.

Shortly afterwards, the purport of this communication was strictly realized; and thus, from

impending poverty, we were raised, not to comparative, but, to actual affluence.

It may be inquired what were the sentiments created in me by this intelligence of the conjectured death of my father. Regret:—regret that the object of my immortal wrath had escaped the destruction I had intended for him. What was to me wealth?—what were to me the amplest possessions? distinction, magnificence?—What compensation were they to me for the loss of the sole desire of my existence, the sole hope that still remained to me?—The means of worldly enjoyment, and sway, had arrived to me, just as I had become deprived of the faculties of appreciating them. Body and mind were alike devoid of the capabilities of pleasure; the organs that enable us to elicit it, were departed from me for ever.

Riches and independence therefore, so inestimable a blessing, so proud an object of desire, to the young, the healthful, and the ambitious, were to me but a poor equivalent for the extinction of the only passion of my life. Consequently, the sole satisfaction their acquisition

afforded me personally, was negative; insomuch as they protected me from the evils which must have been concomitant on the want of them. But, chill, and stagnant as were all my affections, I still retained sufficient interest in my sister, to rejoice on *her* account, in this security from impending poverty, and accession of the means of recreation, and enjoyment to her. While however, I entertained these feelings for her sake, I endeavoured to mitigate my own regret and disappointment by the reflection that the rumor might be false, and my enemy might be still alive; though I could not conceal from myself, the little probability of any agent incurring the responsibility of devoting to me, the possession of so large a property, unless previously certain that I had inherited it by the death of its owner.

Whenever this panic apprehension entered my mind, I entertained a feeling of impotent wrath, and malice which defies description. The old, and barbed thought that he, the author of my ruin, the cause of my eternal ban, was to go scatheless into his grave, never ceased to

exert its pernicious influence over me, and to excite me into a state verging upon insanity. In those moments, the past arrayed itself before me, with a fearful distinctness ; and then, did I feel in spite of all my partial sophistry, in the acutest degree, the misery of being compelled to look back upon an ill spent life. None but the regretful, yet still impenitent sinner can understand the poignant anguish, which the recollection of the lost hours, days, months, years occasion. Then, every error in our course, arises with a terrible conspicuousness, until we turn heart-sick, but, unamended, from the dark, despairing contemplation.

And such, with me, was the usual termination of a retrospect of this nature ; which, instead of benefiting my future career, by rendering me painfully sensible of the wickedness of my past life, only tended to make me still more exasperated against the destroyer of the prospects of happiness which it had once presented to me. And when, after a minute recurrence to every incident, in which, he had either thwarted, or oppressed me, my eye alighted, as it never failed

to do, upon my mutilated arm, my wrath suddenly arose to its wildest pitch; and I insanely invoked every fell imprecation upon the head of the ruthless being who had wilfully blasted my earthly, if not my immortal existence.

When, most strongly under the dominion of these feelings, I used frequently to repair to the chamber, where hung the memorable picture of the infernal Medusa. And this habit was the cause of an incident, the recapitulation whereof, will convey some feeble idea of the extent to which my once iron nerves were shattered.

I was regarding meditatively this diabolical conception, or portraiture; for, I could not unequivocally determine which it was; and I was reflecting whether I could possibly have been under the influence of delirium, or delusion, on the night whereon I held, or supposed that I held, communion with the fiend. So often had I vainly invoked, and defied his re-appearance; so often had I stood before this startling resemblance of his memorable features, and fruitlessly implored, and dared it to assume its

incarnate form, that my mind sometimes misgave me, and I doubted whether I had not been deceived. Reproaches, prayers, praise, execrations, all had been profusely employed, and all with an equal want of success: the accursed object of my anxious infatuation, still remained a mere artificial combination of canvas and paint.

On the morning, one fiery sultry, summer morning, to which I am now alluding, I had been intently considering this dark pernicious mystery; had been alternately addressing to it homage and invective, adulation and contumely; had been, by turns, adopting every mode, my sense or frenzy suggested to me, as most likely to rouse it, into animation. At last, excited by my disappointments into a transport of ungovernable indignation, I exclaimed,

“False, lying fiend! you promised me revenge upon my oppressor; you promised me that I should bury this axe in his hated frame!” and I shewed the weapon to the senseless object of my far more senseless apostrophe. “But, where is he now? in life, or in death, on earth,

or in hell?—Answer me this question, and I will pardon you the treachery, you have hitherto practised against me.”

Still the canvas remained inanimate; and the infernal work of the artist alone continued to scowl upon me.

“Now, hear me, devil,” I cried, “I demand formally the fulfilment of your promise, even though the wheel be the consequence of my attainment of my heart’s desire. Deny me, and demon as you are, and earth-born, clay-cooped as am I, I yet will find a mean to make you rue my malice. Grant me, however, my just claim, and I will be your votary, not only through the remainder of my life, but, in the world to come!”

And I trembled as I spoke; and lowered my voice; and looked furtively at the threatening sky, in the overwhelming fear of discovering some supernatural manifestation of the divine wrath. Nevertheless, in the following moment, I added quickly, in the rage, and despair of conscious crime, and pusillanimity,

“Do this, Belial, do this! and I will fall on my knees, and worship you!”

As I uttered my fearful profanation, the thick clouds opened, and a vivid flash of lightning cleft the dark sky from east to west, followed by an appalling crash of thunder. For an instant, I was staggered; but, in the next moment, observing that the object of my impiety still refused to yield me any visible token of its consciousness, my wrath rose ungovernably within me; and, with one blow of the trenchant axe, dividing the picture from end to end, I fiercely exclaimed,

“Accursed deceiver! *now*, receive *my* revenge!”

And then, I leaped upon the canvas, and hacked and tore it, until it was reduced to the minutest shreds; and no portion of it, retained a trace of the detested image it had exhibited. But, in my excited fury, I was still proceeding in the work of demolition, when a flash occurred, far more vivid than the former; it filled the whole chamber with a livid, dazzling

light, and was succeeded by a burst of thunder that rattled in my ears, shrilly and closely, like the discharge of an immediately contiguous battery.

I was suddenly, and irresistibly seized with a panic tremor. My senses were bewildered; my knees smote together; and I knew not where to turn to hide myself, both from my own terrors, and the apprehended vengeance of God upon my impiety. A storm almost unparalleled in violence in these regions, had now thoroughly commenced; and flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, in almost endless succession. I stood for an instant shrinkingly, crouchingly; my back bent, my face concealed in my hands, paralyzed by the excess of my dismay. Suddenly however, a still fiercer, and more terrific explosion of the elements, startled me into the re-possession of my corporeal faculties; but, at the same time, completely deprived me of all vestige of self-control, all sense of manly dignity. At once, and unreservedly, abandoning myself to the dastardly impulse that

had unnerved me, I impotently fled in shame, and in fruitlessness had it pleased God to have overtaken me, before my own terrors; and ignominiously concealed myself in the darkness of the subterraneans of the mansion, until the tempest had departed.

At this period, three years had elapsed since the disappearance of my father, and one, since our accession to the princely revenue we now possessed. The incident I have just narrated, had increased, if possible, my already scarcely supportable aversion from our present abode. Still however, I lingered in it, during another six months; and then, I proposed to my sister, that we should make an excursion to our foreign estate, and, if it should realize our anticipations, settle ourselves upon it.

On the present, as on every similar occasion, this dear relative instantly, and cheerfully complied with my proposition; for, ever since the hour, when I had become a confirmed, and incurable invalid, she had seemed to lose in her pity, all vestiges of that alienation or suspension of her

affection, which my evil conduct had occasioned; and to regard me with a ceaseless tenderness, and vigilance.

With the restlessness which is the natural, and generally, the inseparable consequence of disease, I derived some satisfaction from the expectation of this change; thinking, with the customary delusion of sickness, that I should be better both in body and in mind, in the place where I was *not*, than I should ever have become were I to have continued in the place where I *was*. It is this insidious, and invincible hope that impels the hapless valetudinarian into almost ceaseless locomotion.

A few days previous to our departure, I went accidentally into my sister's chamber, during her absence; when, to my great surprise, I discovered on the table, a letter traced by a once beloved hand, whose characters could never be forgotten by me: I scarcely need add that I allude to *Ænone*. It was evidently written in reply to some letter or letters, of my sister, in which she must have implored, and urged the advantages of, a reconciliation between herself

and me; and narrated the state of my health, and the benefit I should derive from her forgiveness, and kindness. But, Cœnone unequivocally, and firmly, though mildly, after investigating, and confuting my sister's arguments, declared her unalterable determination never again to encounter me, voluntarily. "I had practised upon her," she wrote, "an outrage, that she could not forget, though she might forgive it; and she would not, by a renewal of our intercourse, re-open wounds which had never been thoroughly healed."

In these sentiments, I recognised all the wonted firmness of Cœnone, that never failed her, whenever she deemed she had a duty to perform. But, what was the effect her resolution, and its tone, produced upon me?—I can scarcely describe it. I had ceased to love her; and yet, I was irritated that she should have acquired the power of pursuing so determined a course; and, apparently, of regarding *me* with as little affection as I entertained for *her*. Nevertheless, though I no longer possessed the passions of a lover, I still continued to feel a

strong interest in her; and though sometimes, I experienced a transitory emotion of wrath in the recollection of the share she had had, in the production of my present state of wretchedness, yet generally my sentiments for her, were of the most amicable tendency. I could not but be conscious that, disastrous as had been to me, the result of her conduct, yet, it had originated in a most disinterested, though perhaps, mistaking, sense of rectitude, and duty; and the more I contrasted it, with that, of my father on the same occasion, the more charitable I grew towards her, while my implacability to him proportionately increased. But, my *love* for her was gone, utterly, entirely; rooted out by the sufferings of mind, and body, which had not only destroyed all the generous, and enthusiastic feelings of my nature, but rendered me incapable of ever again entertaining them.

From this description of my mental condition, it may be conceived that my discovery of the opinions contained in my cousin's letter, occasioned me no very violent mortification. And, in sooth, the slight pain they caused me to ex-

perience, was rather created by their assault upon my vanity, than, upon my heart. Consequently, it required little effort to enable me to replace the letter where I had found it; and speedily to dismiss even the recollection of it, from my mind.

In a few days, after this occurrence, my sister, and I began our departure from our native land. We proceeded to the nearest sea-port, where we had secured accommodation in a merchant vessel bound for the Levant; and, on a beautiful summer morn, commenced a voyage, which, we felt might probably terminate in spontaneous expatriation.

Great was my astonishment in discovering among the passengers, the person of CEnone. I gazed curiously upon my sister, thinking that this coincidence might have arisen in a pre-concerted arrangement; however, her ingenuous features quickly revealed to me that she was as much surprised as I was, by this strange encounter. When CEnone's eye alighted on my sister, her countenance testified both wonderment, and the eloquent vivacity of an unex-

pected, and glad recognition. This expression however, was hastily followed by one of deep anxiety and alarm ; and she gazed quickly and furtively around the vessel, as though she expected, yet dreaded to encounter some object of terror, or antipathy. My conscience too plainly told me the cause of this remarkable change of aspect ; and, during a brief moment, entertaining a half unconscious and instinctive feeling of reluctance to her discovery of me, mechanically I attempted to retire to a less prominent station among the crowd. Speedily, however, I was relieved from this apprehension. When her glance arrived in my direction, it dwelt on me searchingly for a single instant ; and then, without any indications of recognition, travelled on to an equally careful scrutiny of the individuals who surrounded me. She knew me not.

Instantly my mind assumed a different tone. My self-love, and self-estimation were pained by her forgetfulness ; or rather, by this unequivocal proof of the vastness of the change which had occurred in my personal appearance. But soon, these thoughts were as speedily dispersed. A

vacant seat was by the side of my sister ; CEnone crossed the deck, and occupied it ; and thus, I was again placed in contact with the being whom I had once loved with a degree of passion bordering upon insanity. An affectionate greeting ensued between the friends thus strangely reunited : and a conversation composed of a mutual interrogatory, and examination commenced.

CEnone's story was told in a few words. Permanence of residence had long become impossible to her ; she was perpetually craving, and indulging her love of change of scene, until the desire had grown into a habitual necessity. She possessed considerable property in the neighbourhood of the port from which we had embarked ; and, having resolved to make an excursion of some duration to a foreign land, was necessitated to visit her estate previously to her departure, in order to effect the due arrangements for its proper management during her absence. Here, she had heard of a ship being destined to sail to the Levant ; and immediately determined to avail herself of this opportunity

of avoiding the fatigues, and dangers of a journey by land.

“And you,” she added still addressing my sister, “will now, in your turn, tell me, what object, and what strange fortune, has brought you into this most unlikely of all possible places of meeting. Surely, you are not, *alone*? You look at me, significantly; but remember, that you are a mere girl, while *I*—am a full grown tree accustomed to the storm, an august dame of many summers, and alas, many winters. Besides, I have with me, servants with whom I am accustomed to travel; and upon whose fidelity, and activity, I can rely.”

I saw that my sister had observed with anxious interest, that my cousin did not recognise me; and evidently doubted what reply to make to her inquiry.

Ænone detected her hesitation, and again nervously, and anxiously directed her eye in quick succession to the passengers on the deck. But, her apprehension seemed to be somewhat allayed by her scrutiny.

“Why, do you not answer me,” she said; and then repeated, “Are you alone?”

“No—I am not alone,” replied my sister; and perhaps, she might then have revealed my presence, but, I darted at her, an admonitory glance.

“Who then, is your companion?” demanded CEnone quickly; and she added in a tone of slight reproach, “how reluctant you are to answer me!”

“My companion is a gentleman;” rejoined my sister, and she instantly continued in reply to her look of anxiety, “I understand your thoughts, but do not be disquieted, for he who accompanies me is one *whom you do not know*. I will find an opportunity of presenting him to you.

“Be in no haste,” retorted CEnone, evidently relieved from a heavy apprehension, “be in no haste; I seek not to augment my society.”

Their conversation then assumed a more familiar, and domestic turn; when, I removed from their immediate vicinity, in order that, a sup-

posed stranger to the one, and a too intimate acquaintance with the themes of their discussion, to the other, might be no check upon the freedom of their intercourse. I so stationed myself however, that I could examine *CEnone* minutely, without being myself conspicuously exposed to her observation.

She was changed; changed considerably, but, her beauty was far from entirely destroyed. Neither were any marks of age upon her fine features; no trace, no shadow of a trace, to reveal the hostility of time. The most frivolously profound practitioner in investigations of this nature, must have signally failed in any attempt to conjecture the extent of her years, from the aspect of her person: she might have reckoned any number not less than a score, and not exceeding thirty; but, a less general, and more accurate estimate, none could have made, save accidentally.

Though, however, she had escaped scathless from the hands of that destroyer, whom a poet describes as likely, some day, even "to throw a dart at Death," yet the ravages of care, or

sickness, were but too visibly impressed upon her. She was pale, and thin; the extreme brilliancy of her complexion had deserted her; the tempered radiancy, the dignified, serene joyousness of her beaming countenance which had once so beautifully distinguished her, had entirely departed. She was still, it is true, an interesting, and lovely woman: but, to enable the beholder to form this opinion, his attention must have been directed to her by some extrinsic accident, or suggestion; for, she was no longer sufficiently striking to attract, and arrest it, by the mere force of her own charms. But, when the observer had once examined her intently, once rendered himself thoroughly familiar with her features, he might still have discovered in them, an inexhaustible mine of the gentler, but most bewitching fascinations.

At least, such was the impression she produced upon me; for, I regarded her as an artist might have considered a beautiful picture. Yes, such was the feeling I experienced, after a separation of nearly four years, during this observation of the being who had once been my

destiny. Not one thrill of passion did I entertain; not one accelerated pulsation of the heart did I endure; I neither trembled, nor hoped; rejoiced, nor lamented. Even the anger which she had excited in me, and which, as I have stated, occasionally though feebly recurred to me, was latent at that moment. Nothing stirred me; and, after the first emotion, occasioned by the suddenness of her appearance, I was as unmoved, and passive, as though I had never seen her. But, the feeling that was consequent upon my consciousness of this apathy, was a very different one; anger against my father, who had reduced me to it, who had entailed upon me so utter an annihilation of all human sympathy and sentiment, became for a moment the prevailing sensation of my mind.

These various, and discordant thoughts, at last occupied me so intently, that I ceased to observe *Ænone* and my sister. When I again awakened to a sense of the surrounding scene, I saw that the two friends had withdrawn from their former situation; and, stationed in the bows of the vessel, were conversing earnestly,

and apparently, in a suppressed tone. I walked gently forward, and protected by an intervening sail, placed myself so that I could distinctly overhear every syllable of their discourse, though without being perceived by either of them.

“ I repeat to you,” said my sister, “ you *ought* to forgive him. You will find him an altered man, utterly, radically altered.”

“ Such,” replied Ænone, “ I shall never find him, for never again, I trust, shall I see him.”

My sister faintly smiled; and after a moment’s pause added,

“ You are not aware of your fault, I believe, but I can aver to you that your hostility partakes of vindictiveness. His crime was great, I admit; yet *you* should remember that it arose in the magnitude of his love. None could have blamed him more severely than I did, at the time of the perpetration of his evil deeds; but, the agony of mind and spirit which he has since endured, has long disarmed all my resentment. Surely, *you* ought not to be more implacable? Nobody, too, knows more entirely

than you, how much his early education has been neglected; and of all persons therefore, I repeat, *you* are the most called upon to regard his faults with lenity and toleration."

My sister spoke with fervor; and Cœnone replied palliatingly,

"You mistake me much, my dearest friend, if you think I entertain any hostility to your brother. Certain passages have occurred between us, which render me unwilling ever again to resume my intercourse with him. But why should you be so ungenerous as to attribute this reluctance to antipathy? May it not arise in other, and less objectionable causes?"

"Let us not," said my sister, "discuss the *causes*: the *consequences* alone interest me. My brother is in tribulation; he has sinned, but he has been sinned against; he has erred, but I am sure that he is penitent. It is in your power to bestow upon him consolation; and I repeat that he is entitled to expect it at your hands. Will you, can you, then persist in refusing me who always so dearly loved you,

and whom, you say, you love, this slight concession? Actuated as I am, by the affections of a sister, I own that it is difficult for me to form an impartial judgment; nevertheless, I firmly believe that I am under the influence of no delusion, when I say, that his sufferings have *entitled* him to your forgiveness; and that you will act *wrongly*, if you do not unreservedly and cheerfully accord it."

"You distress me greatly," replied CEnone, "by urging this most painful subject. Indeed, indeed, you know not how much it would afflict me to be compelled to refuse my compliance to any request you could make; but, the nature of this, renders a denial doubly grievous to me. Nevertheless, I cannot accede; I am no controvertist, yet, if I chose, I could supply you with only too many unanswerable reasons why I should persist in this apparently ungracious course. Let me, however, repeat that I entertain no aversion from your brother: he proved himself to be a being utterly dissimilar to that, which I had fancied him, and to that which I had

loved; and from that moment, he became an object certainly not of hate, but of utter indifference to me."

And as she spoke, a deep sigh seemed to imply that her thoughts belied her words. She herself was perhaps suspicious of the impression which this ill-timed manifestation of despondency might have made upon my sister; for, she added quickly, and with a palpable assumption of unconcernedness,

"But, pray let us talk no more upon this most painful theme. Have you observed that pale sickly young man who has lost a hand, and who was sitting next to you, when I first accosted you? In spite of its emaciation, and its scars, there is something remarkably striking, and interesting in his countenance. I wonder who and what he is: let us speculate upon his capacity, and vocation."

My sister smiled archly and significantly; yet, there was a tinge of melancholy in her smile, as though my personal deterioration was rendered still more painfully conscious to her, by the renewed and striking proof of it, which

CEnone's question and remark had again afforded.

“Why do you smile,” she said; “do you know him?”

Apprehending that my sister might answer in the affirmative, I resolved that I would forestall her discovery of me. Advancing therefore from my place of concealment, I presented myself abruptly, and conspicuously before them. CEnone slightly blushed; but, it was the faint blush which an apprehension of her conversation having been overheard by the stranger who was the subject of it, might have occasioned. I saw that she had not yet recognised me; and I gazed fixedly and remarkably, on her. Her attention was attracted by the continuity, and the significance of my observation: she regarded me earnestly: the flush of anxiety then rose on her face; and she addressed to my sister a wistful and agitated glance.

“I told you, CEnone,” I said, “what would be my fate if you persisted in your rejection of me. Have I proved a false prophet? But even *yet*, the end of the drama is not arrived.”

“ Great God, then, it is he !” she wildly exclaimed, ere I had concluded these few words ; and staggering backwards, sank upon a seat.

I was pleased by this exhibition of emotion : but, my pleasure was not the frank, generous impulse of a lover, who believes that he has detected a proof of the unexpected reciprocation of his passion by its object. It was not even connected with this, or any similar feeling, but was a cold, morbid, selfish sensation that had its origin solely in vanity ; which was gratified by the unequivocal conviction it had just attained of the great influence I still possessed over the mind, and probably, over the heart of a woman who had once been so dear to me, and who still might command the admiration of others.

I was not however so absorbed by these despicable thoughts as to have become incapable of observing *CEnone*. She continued to gaze upon me with a painful steadfastness, as though I had been the basilisk which had fascinated her ; and her eloquent countenance impressively depicted a striking variety of con-

tending emotions. Fear, anger, surprise, pity seemed successively to attain the predominance; but, mingled with these feelings, I thought I discerned indications of the softer passions of the heart.

“Do not shun me, CEnone,” I said, “do not fear me; I was a serpent, once; but you heard my father say that he would ‘draw my fangs;’—and he has fulfilled his pledge. I am harmless, innoxious, stingless—at least, for *you*. Let us not then live any longer in estrangement.”

While I thus spoke, with mingled satisfaction, and a sense of humiliation, I saw the expression of sympathy and pity gradually grow more conspicuous upon her features. In a few moments, all vestiges of fear and anger had entirely departed from her countenance; and I beheld her eyes glisten with the moisture which her contemplation of my infirmities had excited.

“You are sadly altered,” she, at length, mournfully replied, “never should I have known you, unless you had spoken; and perhaps even then, though I recognised the tones of your voice, the delusion occasioned by the change in

your appearance was so strong, I should have distrusted the evidence of my ears, had you not attempted by the significance of your manner, to recall yourself to my recollection."

This speech was wormwood to me; and, mentally praying that my father might prove to be alive, I resolved if I should ever again encounter him, to repay him amply all my many debts to him; but especially that, of a transformation in my external aspect so complete that it rendered me unknowable even to the being who might have been supposed to have been incapable of failing to recognise me.

Her serenity gradually returned; nevertheless, I saw, in the varying expression of her eye, in the occasional but transient look of apprehension which passed like a cloud over her sunny countenance; that, many days of continued intercourse must elapse, before she could entirely, if ever, forget that I was the man who had once laid a hostile gripe upon her slender throat, had once brutally shed the blood of the innocent object of her strong attachment. But,

an air of tenderness and pity strikingly pervaded her manner while she addressed me; and she seemed to be resolutely striving to merge the recollection of all the ills I had done her, all the evils I had perpetrated, in the interest and sympathy which the sight of my physical infirmities, of my once strong manhood suddenly converted into premature senility, could never have failed to excite in any truly feminine mind. These were the feelings that were passing within her; I traced them distinctly on her eloquent countenance: and increased bitterness and gall were the result of my discovery.

But, before even this first interview concluded, I discovered, though I can scarcely tell by what faint grades, that the conjectures which her previous demeanor had excited, were not unfounded; and that she still maintained the germe of her affection for me, in spite of all the endless efforts she had made to extirpate it. Yet, let *none* blame her; those who have experienced the overwhelming strength of this feeling will be merciful to *her* weakness in the consciousness of *their own*; while those, to whom

Nature has not accorded the organ, or the temperament which generates it, should neither vaingloriously triumph in their own immunity, nor condemn another's submission to a dominion, the power of which they are both physically and morally devoid of the means of comprehending.

And what were my sentiments when our conference terminated; and I withdrew from this singular renewal of my intercourse with my once dear kinswoman?—One alone was predominant; rage, furious rancorous wrath, against my father. I had just been in communion with the being I had adored with a devotion and sincerity that could not be surpassed; and yet, this most unexpected restoration to her society, occasioned me not even an emotion of pleasure. I had long been conscious of the final destruction of the chain that had once bound me to humanity; that I was, and ever should continue, an isolated being. But, I had never hitherto felt so acutely as at this moment, that I was an enervated, prostrated wretch; that the soul of passion lay utterly dead within

me; that its fires were eternally extinguished: and that, in lieu of a heart, I possessed ashes.

I looked this way, and that way, and every where, around me, I saw human passions developed in all their boundless variety. This man laughed; that man frowned; a third, constitutionally a student, sat aloof from the crowd, reveling in the perusal of some favorite author. Another, the very type of indolence, and of animal content, was leaning over the side of the vessel, diligently engaged in an assiduous contemplation of the surface of the waters. The god of the portly beast that confronted me, manifestly resided in his sensual appetites; and by his side, with vacant, lack-lustre gaze, as evidently vegetated an habitual drunkard. I saw another, with glittering eyes, furtively counting his gold in a corner, where he deemed himself unobserved; while the whole soul, and being, of his neighbour, were as clearly absorbed in the existence of a pale, feminine, delicate female, whose small head rested gently on his manly shoulder. Here, the inquisitive stripling indulged his insatiate curiosity; there, the tender

mother vigilantly watched a careless, and sportive urchin; and yonder dark, Eastern looking man, with the swarthy and turban'd brow, stationed in the bows of the vessel, and ever diligently gazing on the point in advance of our course, was manifestly pining to return to his native land, his hearth, his household gods, and his altars.

Yet, this was but a small portion of the sea of human emotion upon which I gazed: almost every variety of good and bad, of solemn and frivolous, of dignified and despicable, of egotistical and affectionate, was unequivocally developed before me. All this wide spectacle I considered attentively, and minutely; and then, I looked into my heart: and I found not one respondent feeling. On the man that laughed, I gazed with fierceness, and with antipathy; for, the sound of his merriment smote discordantly, and painfully on my ear. And I said wrathfully to myself, *When* will *my* muscles ever again experience a like convulsion? A sudden and thrilling emotion of mingled bitterness and regret, was the only, but sad, reply, which this afflictive question obtained from me.

Then, in the full, and fearful consciousness of my desolation and my despair, I gazed wistfully on the sea, and the sky, there, to seek a diversion from my heart-breaking oppression. But, I found in inanimate nature, no more respite from my sufferings, or even transient consolation, than the contemplation of my own kind had afforded me. I gazed intently on the elements, it is true; but, they no longer consisted of the sea and the sky of my infancy, of my boyhood, of the days of my peace. I could scarcely force myself to believe that they actually were the identical objects which had once never failed to occasion me so lively a satisfaction, so exhilarating a feeling; which had contained the power of arresting my attention, and occupying my thoughts, during successive hours of then, unvalued, but now, invaluable, happiness.

In that moment of despondency, I looked again upon CEnone; and I felt, with a thrill of unutterable anguish, that, for the rest of my life, I might be doomed to undergo that worst of mortal ills,—the possession of all that most should please, with the incapability of deriving from

it, pleasure : that, henceforth, I should prowl over the face of the earth, a human being in form, yet an eternal outcast from the feelings and interests of humanity.

During our long and generally fortunate voyage, I was naturally frequently thrown into communion with my cousin ; and never did I withdraw from her society, without entertaining a feeling of additional hostility to my father ; without mentally hurling at his head, a torrent of wrathful execrations. I could not forbear from ceaselessly picturing to myself the pleasure, the ecstasy, I should once have derived from such an intercourse with her, as I now possessed ; rendered almost unbroken by the narrow limits of our abode, and maintained upon the surface of the dancing waters, in the full free air, and beneath no roof but that of the broad blue sky. I thought upon the radiancy, the buoyancy of spirit, I should then have experienced under these circumstances : the endless delight, the enthusiasm, the rapture ; the mollifying sentiments that this sense of happiness would have originated in me : I

should have felt at peace with myself, and all mankind, and feelings of religion, and humanity, might have taken a permanent possession of my mind. But *now*, I looked into myself; and what did I find? A monstrous union of the stillness of the sepulchre, and the sanguinary ferocity of the tiger; an intellectual state, that displayed itself to my startled introspection, rank and stagnant, as the disinterred corpse may show to the affrighted eye; yet, lurking beneath this dark, and deathlike veil, existed all the restlessness, and all the ruthlessness of the living ruffian.

This, was the fearful picture which a self-examination presented to my contemplation; but, far from being subdued and benefited by the consciousness of my crimes, it only rendered me more reckless: and more than ever determined to wreak my vengeance upon their author, if he had not found that sanctuary which could baffle even *my* hate, the *grave*.

Before our voyage had concluded, it was evident to me that CEnone had completely forgiven me. My sister, I was aware, was pepe-

tually representing to her, what I believe she really thought, that I was doomed ; that my life was a flame which was already in the socket, which must speedily flash, and expire. Perhaps, these repeated assertions, and the ghastliness of my appearance, conjoined to make a melancholy impression on my kinswoman ; and to persuade her that the mere duties of common charity required that she should forget the delinquencies of a person from whom, death would so speedily separate her : or perhaps, her sense of my guilt was too weak to contend against the ungovernable impulses of a blind, and truly feminine affection. What was her real incentive however, whether one, or both, I cannot determine ; but, the result was, that she had resumed all the former tenderness and familiarity of her manner, in her intercourse with me ; and evidently regarded me with a renewed, and strong interest.

Possibly, these feelings were not diminished in strength by her observation of my comparative indifference. She could not but have discerned that I no longer entertained for her,

any of the fire of passion ; and perhaps, as I retreated, she proportionately advanced. There is a wonderfully observant, but morally defective writer, still, I believe, in the prime of his career, who declares that, *En amour celui qui est gueri le premier, est toujours le mieux gueri* ; and again, *Il est impossible d'aimer une seconde fois, ec qu'on a veritablement cessé d'aimer*.* During my long and maddening tortures of mind and body, my love for CEnone had been gradually, and insensibly extinguished ; and my re-union with her contained no creative power. It might have revived what had only been suspended, have recruited what had only been enfeebled, have resuscitated that which was merely dormant ; but, it could not raise a flame where there was no fuel, produce a flower where there was no seed, erect a superstructure where there was no base. Some effect it had certainly occasioned ; it had softened my heart towards her, mitigated the asperity which the recollection of her share in the production of my present prostration of mind and body, had always hitherto excited in me, and taught me to regard her again with feelings of

* Rochefoucauld.

kindness. Nevertheless, it could not re-animate that, which no longer contained the materials of existence; it could not, in fine, “make me love, a second time, that which I had truly ceased to love.”

That CEnone was aware of this utter dereliction, that she perceived that the very principle of passion was entirely extinct within me, I do not suppose. Whatever the extent of her natural penetration, her own affections must have engendered a delusion which could not have failed to have prevented her from making this discovery. But she *must* have seen that I was not inspired by any passionate feeling; that I neither throbbed nor trembled when I approached her; that, I exhibited no one symptom of ardent attachment. Yet, as in many even of the best of female minds, a something partaking of the attribute which is asserted to characterize the spaniel, occasionally exists, I believe, I repeat, that CEnone’s consciousness of the diminution of my passion, only stimulated her into a more open manifestation of the renewal of *hers*.

I have now, I imagine, made evident the

nature of the communion between me and my cousin. Our mutual acts were not only colored, but almost solely directed, by our recollections of the past: for the sake of that past, she still loved me; and for its sake too, though I could no longer love her, I yet endeavoured to atone for my involuntary caprice, by as consistent a manifestation of zealous and friendly attentions, as my uncertain temper would allow.

The consequence of this state of relation was, that, when, at the termination of our voyage, my sister asked her to make our house her home, until she might desire to seek a residence for herself, or to resume her journey, *CEnone* gladly accepted the proposal.

However, I am now somewhat anticipating the current of events. Our voyage lasted many weeks. While off the coast of France, and the western coast of Spain, we were occasionally exposed to some rude weather; and whenever it occurred, my once dear, and still most interesting kinswoman, invariably nestled to my side for protection. In spite of my prostrated state, I derived some degree both of pride and

pleasure from this indication of a sincere affection; and, in these moments, I always exhibited to her, an unwonted extent of kindness. By such, and other, acts of a similar nature, which, perhaps, after my long illness, and the solitude consequent on it, were, in their novelty, peculiarly exciting to me, she frequently contrived to elicit from me, a degree of cordiality, which was not, I regret to say, fated to be of any very permanent duration.

At length, we reached the port of our destination.

Our house, and the grounds immediately appertaining to it, proved to be far more extensive, and beautiful, than we had even expected them to be. Nevertheless, this discovery occasioned me no pleasure; the hour for extracting it from any source, was irrevocably past.

Not only from the gardens, but from the mansion also, a most magnificent view of the Mediterranean was obtained. The former however had been ruinously neglected; yet, I could see that they afforded means of scenic and picturesque effect which could not, perhaps, be

surpassed by any spot in the whole world. My father, I soon learned, had purchased this estate when a young man, and had resided upon it, for a considerable time; in consequence of the facilities which it afforded him, for his communications with the East, and the Greek isles. Frequently, from this port, he would make excursions in the Levant; and return laden with those treasures of sculpture, and gems of art, which had subsequently, so excited my admiration; and had made that indelible impression upon me, in my younger days, which had, doubtlessly, no inconsiderable share, in the formation of my anomalous, self-tormenting character.

My father had retained this property, having secured so good a tenant for it, that it returned him a princely revenue. This man I found still in occupation of the estate. He was plain, and honest; entirely engrossed by his predial, and vindemial occupations, and, though wealthy, without any pretension to be considered superior to his condition. He was reputed an excellent farmer; and the ground bore ample evidence of

the correctness of the valuation which the neighbourhood entertained of his skill.

From this individual, I learned by degrees, several particulars with regard to my father; who had evidently been but a wild character in his early days, and had left in this country, rather a sorry impression. In one of his voyages through the Levant, he had fallen in contact, in the Archipelago, with a Tunisian corsair, laden with Christian slaves; whom the Africans had collected in their descents on different portions of the coast of Italy, and were conveying, for the purposes of sale, to Constantinople. The vessel in which my father was embarked, was manned, and armed by him; and, at his instigation, the captain of it, attacked the pirate. Animated by the reckless intrepidity of my parent, the assault was so fierce, and unexpected, that the Moors in spite of their savage, and habitual bravery, were speedily mastered. The Christians took possession of their prize; and then, they discovered that a noble Turk was on board, together with his sister and wife, who had embarked in the cor-

sair, at Candia, in the intention of returning to his native land. One of these women was a Syrian, from Damascus; the other was an Egyptian. Both these fierce daughters of the sun were eminently beautiful, especially the latter; and both of them, consequently, my father seized as his share of the plunder, and brought in triumph to his abode. My informant's account terminated by his avowal of his belief that, in the Egyptian, I should revere a mother's memory; for that, during her residence in this country, she bore to my father, a son, and subsequently a daughter, and died almost immediately after the birth of the latter.

This series of events, perfectly corresponded with those of the story I had always remembered to have heard in almost my earliest infancy, though I knew not where, nor from whom, that my mother was a foreigner, and died in consequence of an illness produced by the birth of my sister. Ever since therefore, the day on which I acquired the knowledge of these facts, I have entertained little doubt but that I must regard this fiery African as my

mother, and probably should trace to her hot, and perhaps, fierce blood, the origin of the more turbulent qualities of my disposition; for, in my father, I could not fail to find the source of the darker, and more permanently sanguinary, features.

This tenant of ours occupied a small house in our immediate vicinity; having considered that wherein we now resided, and which belonged properly, and emphatically to the estate, as both too extensive, and too stately for him. It was consequently much out of repair; though on the receipt of the intimation of our intended visit, he had immediately done all that was requisite to render it habitable. But, in that beautiful climate, mere necessaries are soon found to be most insufficient to the happiness of the wealthy, and the indolent; both the mind and the eye speedily seem naturally to crave indispensibly the accessaries of luxury, and magnificence. In obedience to this common influence of that sunny land, we all, I mean, even *CEnone* and my sister, began to desire the improvement and embellishment of our abode.

This desire was effected with the rapidity which riches can always command. During a brief period, the superintendence of the proceedings, the ceaseless confusion and personal inconvenience attendant upon them, and the entire novelty of the occupation, all conspired to occasionally divert my thoughts from my misfortunes. But, when our objects were completely attained; and the consequent tranquillity of the house was restored, and its commodiousness infinitely augmented, I instantly lost the slight alleviation I had experienced; and relapsed into even an increased gloom, and discontent.

Then, therefore, in the attempt to give my mind a new impulse, and again to divert it from its slow and torturing process of self-destruction, from the frenzy of practising upon itself, the part of the vulture upon Prometheus, I frequently made, in company with CEnone and my sister, excursions to various portions of our extensive estate; and endeavoured to interest myself in investigating the condition, and in promoting the welfare, of the numerous peasantry

who resided upon it. Yet, all my efforts were of no avail: whether my occupation were evil or good, it was ever equally ineffectual in mitigating the tortures of my mind; for, I wilfully cherished in my breast their fatal source, in the ceaseless sense of the demoniac hate and implacability which I entertained for my father. Could I but have acquired the strength to have forgone these evil feelings, to have forgiven and forgotten the injuries I had sustained, and to have yielded to my fate with a pious and a Christian resignation, I now believe that even *then*, happiness might have returned to me. But, such a great and exemplary course was far above the powers of my rebellious nature; and infinitely more willingly could I have parted with my life, than have abandoned my fiendlike hope of vengeance.

Unconquered however, or rather, ever stubborn in my incapability of submission to any infliction, I still continued my attempts to divert my mind from the consciousness of its misery. At last, I resolved to imitate the favorite pursuit of my father, and devote all my thoughts and time to the collection of the relicks of ancient

art; and, adorning with them my gardens, render them a spot not to be paralleled in Europe.

In this intention, I endeavoured to excite myself into a feeling of ambitious enthusiasm; yet, I scarcely need add, vain was the effort. I determined however, to proceed in the execution of my project. But, unfortunately for the chance of its ever producing any beneficial effect upon me, my health had recently so deteriorated, that I could not summon sufficient energy to fulfil my original intention of performing, as my father had done, a cruise among the Greek islands, and seeking myself the objects which I coveted. . The consequence was, that I was compelled to commission agents to execute the plans I imagined; while I sat down at home, in pernicious indolence, awaiting their return.

None, and my sister, but especially the former, always greatly interested themselves in the execution of my schemes, and fantasies, however absurd, and trivial; their great object seeming to be to procure for me occupation,

and consequently, solace. But whenever I observed CEnone peculiarly assiduous in this kind intention, peculiarly endearing, and fond, I used to feel the bitterness of a fiend; and be compelled to turn aside, to conceal from her the manifestations of my impotent malice, and wrath: for, in those moments, I was always most sensible of the ruin I had undergone, and of the happiness, the ecstasy, I should have derived from these dear tokens of her angel-like affection, *but, for my father*. Hence, originated the barbed thought that stung me into frenzy; and entailed upon my wretched existence, the double ban of suffering, at once, the pains of the present, and the worse tortures of the past.

The frequent repetitions of this thought, and the paroxysms of wrath which it occasioned me, at last began to operate upon me unfavourably respecting CEnone. I could not refrain from feeling that, owing to her presence, though most unintentionally and innocently on her part, I yet was subjected to the endurance of many a bitter pang, which otherwise I should most probably have avoided. Neither could I be insensible

that, by the same cause, I was repeatedly instigated to contrast my existing state, and temper of both body and mind, with the elasticity, the buoyancy, the delirium of happiness which I had experienced during our joint residence under my father's roof; and thus, to entail upon myself all the fruitless bitterness and anguish which a strong, but consciously unavailing regret can occasion. Such was the ineffable extent of the difference between my feelings at these two periods of my life, that those of the past seemed like a dream; and sometimes, I could scarcely persuade myself that the same man could ever have entertained both. But, there was another reason which acted almost as powerfully in the promotion of my distaste to her society.

Of all the tortures which my indomitable pride could sustain, the greatest arose in the exposition of my physical infirmities to the eye of any one who had known me in the health and the strength of my once vigorous manhood. In the case of *Ænone*, her whom I had so passionately loved, in whose eyes I would once rather have excelled than in those of the rest of the united

world, I entertained this reluctance in the greatest possible degree; yet, all my stratagems I felt could not conceal from her that I was occasionally reduced to a state of almost infantine imbecility. Frequently, too, the deadly fits of faintness, to which I was constantly subject, would seize me in her presence; when, only by a most painful effort of both the moral and physical faculties could I withdraw from the room, before the cold and heavy sweat of a seemingly approaching dissolution would burst in huge drops from my forehead, and all the energies of mind and body become instantly and equally prostrated. In those moments, a sensible, hideous weight and darkness were upon my brain and muscular powers; as though I were enveloped in some thick clinging veil, which, with an anaconda-like gripe, would heavily and suffocatingly embrace me, at once, within and without: an horrific feeling which I can only compare to that which a man may be supposed to endure, when, after having been entombed alive, he first awakens from his death-like swoon, in his coffin, with a dim, and uncertain consciousness that a couple

of fathoms height of clay are piled above his devoted head.

But, powerful as were these reasons in their influence upon me, a third existed, which almost as strongly as the others impelled me to desire to be rid of the society of CÆnone. Though *she* had both forgotten, and forgiven, *I* could not forget, that I had once laid a hostile hand upon her fragile form, once eternally disgraced myself before her. Whenever this thought occurred to my recollection, I found that my eye could not sustain the regard of hers; and, in spite of all my efforts, I felt myself visibly blench beneath the intolerable sense of my shame.

These were the united causes which at last insensibly instigated me to exhibit to her such a diminution of cordiality, that, at length, she could not fail to observe it. And yet, I ought not to speak as though this action of mine were a premeditated, and wilful one; it was, I may say, wholly instinctive. I found myself wretchedly and additionally uneasy; and gradually and almost unconsciously, this feeling rendered me repugnant to the society of her who was the

innocent cause of it. Daily, I became more frigid, and unbending to her; and daily increased the duration of my stay in the solitude of my own chamber, until, at length, I almost wholly absented myself from her society.

As I have stated, CEnone soon observed this alteration in my conduct to her. At first, she laboured, if possible, more sweetly, and assiduously, than heretofore, to please, and propitiate me; but, finding after a time, that I was resolutely intractable, she desisted from her fruitless attempts. From this hour, she became grave, and dejected; but, intermingled with her despondency, were plainly perceptible, all the resignation and gentleness which never deserted her.

It was at this period, that I accidentally overheard a portion of a conversation between her, and my sister.

“Let me implore you,” said the latter fervently, “to alter your determination.”

“No,” replied CEnone, “I did not form it, you may believe me, without the most mature deliberation. I repeat to you, that I have

watched him, with the acuteness, and the pertinacity, and yet, with all the reluctance to acquire a painful knowledge, which affection can alone supply. And the result of my observation has been my conviction of his entertainment of a desire for my departure."

"You err—indeed, indeed you do!" cried my sister eagerly.

"No—no—no!" replied the other, slowly and impressively; "I am but too willing to entertain your opinion, to believe that I can have embraced a contrary one, upon deceptive grounds. No!—the die is cast; I see that he has utterly ceased to possess one solitary sentiment of regard for me. Strange world! One might have thought that, as I had forgotten, and forgiven him his cruelties; that, as I had clung to him in his afflictions and in his misery, a sense of gratitude would even have *enhanced* the feelings which I am sure he once entertained for me. But, no! the very course, which I, or you, or all mankind, would have been justified in deeming most likely to fortify his affection, has yet evidently destroyed it. It is a heavy blow;

but, long have I been a chastened probationer of wo. Happily too, I have within me, the seeds of religion; which, praise be to God, is a staff that increases its support, in proportion as the weary and broken-hearted pilgrim relies upon it. Of this gracious hope, I have never yet lost sight, thanks to a dear father, who early and indelibly instilled into me its precious principles; and, through all my life, though I may have suffered some worldly ties and interests, to twine themselves too closely around my heart, I yet trust that I have never wholly ceased to be, an unworthy, perhaps, but yet, a patient, candidate of heaven. In this moment of affliction you know not the blessed consolation which this humble consciousness affords me!"

I could distinctly hear that my sister was weeping; and both their sorrows pained me keenly; but, in that moment, again, the sense of my own sufferings, instead of softening my heart to theirs, steeled it against them.

"Pray, dearest, dearest girl," cried CEnone in tremulous tones; evidently moved by my sister's grief, into those physical expressions of

it, which her own, had been unable to excite : “pray, dearest girl,” she added ; and then again her voice was convulsed, and silenced by emotion. But, in another moment, she resumed clearly, and steadily,

“Do not let me, I beseech you, have to bear with me in absence, the thought that I am occasioning you; distress. Indeed, I shall not be so unhappy as you seem to apprehend. Though there is now no Leucate in existence, from which I can make a plunge, and at once be cured of a fruitless passion ; yet, believe me, I can sustain any vexation I may experience, with far better fortitude than you imagine. Pray then, listen to me ; I shall be indebted to you all my life for the kindness, you have now and ever, shown me ; I shall be eternally interested in your welfare, ever regard you with the fondest affection : were thousands of miles to intervene, I should still feel united to you, by the sympathetic tie of heart to heart. Will you then, can you then, voluntarily continue to torture one who entertains for you a friendship so little usual ? will you repay her, for such an attach-

ment as even you, ingratiating and affectionate as you are, will never again excite in any breast, by a fruitless indulgence of unfounded grief, that pains her far more than her words can express."

"No ! no !" passionately exclaimed my sobbing sister. Then, having changed my position, I saw the two afflicted friends throw themselves into each other's arms, and, while urging their mutual exhortations to patience, and composure, intermingle their tears ; which, at last, completely vanquishing all opposition, flowed in quick and unrestrained succession from the glittering eyes of both. In spite of all my callousity, I could not sustain this spectacle ; and fled, in sorrow and in bitterness, to the solitude of my own chamber.

To neither of them did I subsequently make any allusion to this conversation. But, the knowledge of it had prepared me for the communication, which in the course of a day or two, I received from my sister, of our cousin's intended, and approaching departure. She added that she acquainted me with it, in consequence of CEnone's wish ; who also requested that I

would oblige her by not speaking to her on the subject, and by not attempting to persuade her to prolong her stay.

In the course of the following week, one morning, Cœnone stood before me. She was arrayed for a journey; and I saw that she had come to bid me farewell. But, no trace of discomposure was manifest on her fair face; no tear stood in her eye, or hesitation appeared in her manner. She was perfectly calm, and resigned, and sedate; though her aspect, upon a closer examination, was grave and melancholy. Yet, had not this, or any other external indication of the real state of her mind existed, Cœnone I knew far too well, not to be secure that her serenity arose neither in resentment, nor in a want of sensibility, but, in the mastery of principle over the impulses of feeling. In that moment, my heart was softened by this new proof of the goodness and sweetness of her unequalled disposition.

“Cœnone,” I cried, “*dear Cœnone!*—farewell! I know the motive in which you stand before me, and again I say farewell, perhaps,

for ever. May the Almighty protect and bless you! and, wherever you go, may you never forget that you bear with you, the regard, the esteem, and the admiration of an unhappy being; who, while perpetually desiring to do that which is right, is never deviating from the path of wrong. Even in this moment, while I am acknowledging your virtues, and entertaining for you almost such feelings as you deserve, yet, I am sensible that, in the very ensuing minute, the darkness and perversity of my nature may come upon me, with a strength against which I cannot contend. Why, I was created thus defectively, God only can reveal."

"Do not blame yourself," said CEnone, "you have done me no wrong; indeed, you have been to me"——

"No, no! CEnone," I exclaimed hastily, preventing the conclusion of her sentence, "in your breast is the fountain of charity which faileth not; yet, do not *sting* me by praise. You know, in your inmost heart, but too well that I have *not* been to you what I ought to have been; and, in speaking thus, I use far too lenient

terms of reprobation. No—no ! I feel that, like the demoniac of the gospel, my ‘last state is even worse than the first.’ I am now bowed to the earth by bodily infirmities, which have superinduced fretfulness, and bitterness of temper, to those deeper and graver faults, which belong more properly to my unhappy nature. For what purpose, I am permitted to remain on earth, a higher power can alone determine !”

“I pity you,” she said fervently, while the large tears that attested the truth of her profession, stole insensibly from her overcharged, and glistening eyes ; “I pity you, with my whole soul ; and, if you would suffer me, would alleviate your misery.”

“Pity me, I know you do, dearest *Ænone*,” I replied ; “could all the dark secrets of my sufferings be revealed, even the most ruthless might regard me with commiseration. But, it lies not, alas, in the power of mortal either to comprehend or to alleviate them. I am blighted ; useless, worthless, sapless, rootless ! My life is a curse to me ; not a moment of it is passed but in strife, and self-disgust. In the

morning, I sigh for the evening, and in the evening, I pine for the morning; yet, though I loathe, detest, abhor *this* existence, I sustain perpetual, unutterable fear of *that*, to which Death is the usher. I feel as one doomed; irrevocably, eternally deserted: I feel as though the malediction of heaven, and the indelible mark of hell were upon me; that by the one, I am abandoned, and by the other, appropriated. Indeed, indeed, I *am* to be pitied; and, if the endurance of utter, incomparable, immortal wretchedness be deemed any equivalent for the perpetration of foul guilt, I am to be forgiven. Yet, reckless, prostrated as I am beneath the crushing weight of my hopeless misery, believe me, there is no additional suffering which I could not cheerfully undergo, to recover sufficient self-control to be able to prove to you the friend, and protector, I desire to be. But, it is no longer, alas, in my power, to continue consistently kind to those that abide with me; to those that come daily, hourly in contact with the passing irritations, and frenzies, that are partly occasioned by the infirmities of my

body, and partly, I fear, by those of my nature. For *your* sake therefore, dear CEnone, if not for my own, east and west, must be our relative course during the remainder of our lives. As soon however, as we shall be separated, I feel that I shall be able to value you even more than, if I cannot succeed in loving you as passionately as, I ever did. But, seek not, I beseech you, to unite your virtues to my vices; your bright and glorious fate to the dark, and deadly doom of a desperate, and despairing sinner! Yet, I was not always that which I am. What then, should be the meed of him who reduced me to this state of irretrievable perdition!"—

And, as this habitual thought rushed upon me, again, as ever, I instantly yielded to its maddening effects; the hot blood poured into my throbbing temples, and even the feeble remnants of my muscles swelled into rigidity, beneath the influence of my malignant wrath.

CEnone, who had hitherto been regarding me with looks of tender commiseration and interest, now assumed an expression of anxiety.

“Your exposition of your feelings,” she said,

“and your but too evident want of all self-control, both ineffably grieve, and alarm me. I will not deny to you that you have rendered me painfully apprehensive of your future career; an apprehension, alas, which the recollection of the past, only serves to confirm. With such feelings, such an awful pitiable disorder of the mind, as you describe yourself to possess, what may hereafter befall you, God alone can determine! If therefore, at any future period, any rash act of self-indulgence, should lead you into difficulty, or distress; if sentiments of penitence, and despondency should ever take possession of you, and your proud, and restless spirit become subdued, *then*, I beseech you apply to me for succour, and for solace: and feeble as I am, you may yet learn, that a woman’s strong affection can supply her with the power of affording you both. Forget not my words, I adjure you; during our absence it will always be a consolation to me to think that you remember, and feel kindly to me for having uttered them. For the sentiments of regard and friendship, which you have expressed for me, I thank you with

my whole soul; and believe me, with an equal degree of sympathy, I regret the sufferings which you but too manifestly endure. And now, farewell; it is a melancholy, but precious, mitigation of the pangs of separation, to know that we part in amity: and the recollection of your candid declaration of the nature of your feelings towards me, will always prove, I trust, an additional source of alleviation. And now, again, a fond, a *last* farewell!"

We embraced tenderly; and as I kissed her pale forehead, the tears then burst impetuously from her eyes. The sight of this profound sorrow in one so little accustomed to be governed by her feelings, almost unmanned even me, for a moment; and I turned aside to conceal my emotions. When I recovered from their influence, she was gone; having availed herself of my transient discomposure to effect her departure from the chamber. I ran to the window, and saw her fondly embracing my sister. She then stepped into the carriage which was to convey her to the port. I never beheld her more.

Fluctuating, and unstable as were generally all the better sentiments of my disposition, I yet continued during several days, to mourn the absence of *CEnone*; and almost to regret that I had ever allowed our separation to occur. But, when I looked upon my emaciated form, recollected my infirmities of both mind and body, and again became sensible of my inability of experiencing happiness; that I was little more than a corse endowed with a merely mechanical power of motion, I felt convinced that I had adopted the course which was ultimately both least likely to increase my misery, and to diminish her peace.

And thus, finally terminated my intercourse with my cousin; and almost as strangely as it had commenced. Fate seemed to have decreed that all our relations should ever have possessed some feature of singularity. My love for her began, before I saw her; and, instead of being disappointed, my affections were only augmented, by the sight of her. During a subsequent period, my peace was irrevocably destroyed, because, I could not obtain her: and

now, when every extrinsic obstacle was removed, and she was willing to devote herself to me, she again became the unwilling source of my unhappiness, because, *I could not love her.*

While the incidents I have just narrated, were occurring, my gardens rapidly approached completion. They were interspersed with fountains; one of which was formed by a splendid ancient statue of the Venus Anadyomene, evidently copied from Apelles' celebrated picture. She was seated gracefully in her shell, supported by two Tritons, and from her hair, which hung, divided, and extended by her own fair hands, in heavy masses on either side her shoulders, the crystal water flowed in copious streams. Mingled with the orange trees that bore "fruit of gold and buds of snow," and other southern plants and shrubs, and in striking contrast to their various and beautiful colors, were obelisks, and pillars, statues, and groups of the purest marble. One of the most conspicuous of all the ornaments of the place was a gigantic figure of the "suffering" Hercules; by which epithet is distinguished, that splendid statue which re-

presents him while he is enduring the agony occasioned by the treacherous gift of Dejanira. A more magnificent conception, and perfect execution, never issued from the mind and hand of man; possessing too, the additional interest of being evidently the original, from which Guido has copied his celebrated, and beautiful picture of Christ crowned with thorns.

This theme reminds me of a circumstance which I have always hitherto omitted to relate; and which possesses no importance, but inasmuch as it tended to strengthen my supposition of the existence of my father. Previously to our departure from our home, in our own land, I had felt a strong inclination to convey with me, some of its many treasures of art; and, in obedience to this impulse, made such preparations for the removal of them, that, at any subsequent time, they could have been sent to me in safety. But scarcely had this intention been completed, when I received a letter from my metropolitan correspondent; stating laconically that, if I withdrew the minutest portion of the property of my patrimonial estate, he was empowered to

stop immediately all further payment of our income.

This letter, under other circumstances, might have violently exasperated me; but, I received it while I was engaged in superintending the arrangements for our departure, and while my mind was filled with the hope of deriving both mental and corporeal benefit from our contemplated voyage. The slight impression therefore, that it made, speedily passed away; and I now only recur to it, in order that I may make known one of my principal reasons for still believing in the existence of my father.

Time progressed; the occupations which I had imposed upon myself gradually drew to a conclusion: and, at length, I walked in a garden, which might literally be compared to the notions we form of that of Eden. Now, then, the voluptuous cravings of my youthful imagination were even redundantly fulfilled: at this period, I was in the possession of every luxury that man can desire: I dwelt in a heavenly climate, and I was surrounded by all those combinations of art and nature which at once

transcendently minister to the enjoyment of both the senses, and the mind. Nothing was omitted that could contribute to the gratification of any faculty of our being; the ear, the eye, the scent, the intellect, all were equally consulted, both in the selection, and arrangement of every material of this really fascinating, I may almost say, matchless scene. Perhaps, there was not a wish which the perusal of the most gorgeous Eastern tale could have suggested to the effeminate, and to the fastidious, but here was realized. Supreme, uncontrolled, I walked, a monarch, in this fairy land; and, wherever I turned, I encountered all that most should please: every earthly thing was mine, save,—*the ability of deriving pleasure from aught.*

Yes; this, was still my wretched, and consciously irremediable, state. After the slight excitement occasioned by the departure of *Ænone* had entirely subsided, I gradually sank into an increased, and darker discontent. Two years had I now passed in this glorious region; and five, altogether, had consequently

elapsed since I had seen my father; and yet, at this period, the utterance of his name, or even an allusion to him, was capable of instantly exciting in me the feelings of a demoniac. Like those bodies in chemistry, which, from a state of comparative innoxiousness, are converted into poisonous, and destructive matter by being united, so I, when brought into contact even with the *thought* of my father, was aroused from the torpor of sickness, and suddenly transformed into a fierce, and wrathful maniac.

Perhaps, at this period, the enervation of my mind had attained its deepest, completest state. I had destroyed the picture of the infernal Medusa, but, I attempted vainly to even weaken the impression which it had made upon my brain; there, it was indelibly depicted with all the truth and strength of the accursed original. The form of the fiend himself too, was now eternally before my eyes; and his words were for ever ringing in my ears: I sought laboriously, but I found not, the power to forget that he had doomed me to be a *Parricide*; and

all the incidents of the night of horror on which this denunciation was addressed to me, were never absent from my memory.

Often, I strove to persuade myself that the apparition of the demon was an illusion; and that I had been the victim of my delirious imagination. But, vain was my attempt; and, at this period, the influence of my superstitious fancies was so potent, that my fear of darkness, and craving for light, possessed a strength, and a violence, resembling the characteristics of some species of insanity. These idle apprehensions, and my still more futile efforts to protect myself from them, were perhaps, powerfully, but insensibly promoted and encouraged by my consciousness of the deep guilt of the ardent thirst of deadly and unnatural vengeance which, in defiance of all my terrors, I never ceased to cherish. The consequence was, that, at this period, I was not only enervated, not only was my mind utterly unstrung by my bodily infirmity, but I was conscience-smitten; tortured and intimidated by my inevitable sense of the iniquity of my intentions. Nevertheless,

in the encouragement of them I persisted; not one bad sentiment was changed; not one iota was abated from the contemplated measure of that sanguinary retribution which I resolutely awaited but the hour, and opportunity of inflicting upon him, who had occasioned my irretrievable ruin. Yet, all the time I nourished these guilty thoughts, such was the consequent extent of my agonizing, though consciously visionary fears, that, day and night, I never ceased to entertain almost equally, that deep, but futile horror of darkness, and obscurity, which I have already mentioned. Throughout our whole house, with the exception of the rooms exclusively appropriated to my sister, from one end of the year to the other, alike in the temperate warmth of the winter, and in the fierce, and burning heat of the summer, not a blind, nor a shade, nor a lattice, existed, to intercept, or even mitigate, the fiery rays of the sun; and as soon as it had departed, every chamber, and corridor, which I ever entered, or traversed, became one vivid blaze of artificial light.

These painful feelings, at once the phantasy and scourge of a diseased mind, might possibly have endured much longer even than they did, had they not been terminated by an incident; which, at first, seemed likely to have afforded me some slight alleviation of my unhappiness. Eventually, however, it proved but to have modified it; to have changed its bent for awhile, not to have diminished its strength.

Such was my corporeal debility, at this period, my power of walking was so limited, that I scarcely ever attempted to exert it; and the consequence was, that, riding being the best of all the exercises of gestation, I was frequently on horseback; wandering in the vicinity of our abode, in the delusive hope of equally benefiting both my body, and mind. One day, during a deep reverie, having unconsciously extended my ride much farther than I had intended, I suddenly became so exhausted that I was compelled to descend from my horse, and repose upon the earth, beneath the shade of some overhanging vines. On this spot, I had rested but a few minutes, when I observed

with alarm, that the horse had strayed to a considerable distance from me, in seeming search of herbage. I instantly rose, and ill, and fatigued, as I was, attempted to overtake him. I had approached within a few paces, when the animal perceiving my intention, cantered off far beyond my reach. Again I advanced; and again, I had arrived almost within a grasp of him, when he repeated his mischievous evasion. Yet, a third time, I made my attempt, and was similarly defeated.

Then, my blended anger, apprehension, and exhaustion united to produce such a pitch of agitation that my whole frame was shaken; and all the horrible sensations which I have previously described, seized on me, in their fullest strength. I felt as though the hand of death were upon me, violently striving to force asunder the still tenacious union between the body and the principle of life: and I sank to the earth, utterly, perfectly enervated, and overwhelmed, even more by the tumult of my mind, than by corporeal fatigue.

After this transport had somewhat subsided,

my precarious situation became the absorbing subject of my anxious reflections. I had evidently ridden to a considerable distance from my home, and was in a part of the country with which I was unacquainted: consequently, unless I could obtain succour, I might pass the remainder of the day, and the coming night, on the very spot which I then occupied; and possibly, ultimately, perish upon it.

But yet, this very succour I apprehended; for, I scarcely dreaded death more, even though of the painful nature of that, which I might now be doomed to encounter, than the exposition of my infirmities to any earthly eye, save that of my sister. At this moment, mine indeed, was a most painful condition for a weak-minded man, as morbidly sensitive, as perversely proud. I was prostrate on the earth in a state of almost infantine imbecility; and the heavy sweat of exhaustion and agitation stood in large drops upon my brow. My brain too, was so darkened, and oppressed by the sympathetic influence of my corporeal debility and disorder, that I was conscious that it did not even

retain sufficient vigor, and intelligence to arrange the words necessary to express my thoughts. If any one therefore, should approach me, I should be compelled to reply to them almost as incoherently, and inconsequently, as though I were stolid, or insane. So acutely did I feel the supposed ignominy of this situation, that, occasionally I fervently hoped I might perish rather than be discovered.

But, I was reserved for a far worse end than even this might have proved. My destiny was not to be accomplished, nor the just vengeance of Providence to be appeased, by my enduring an ignoble starvation in a vineyard. I had lain in this painful condition perhaps, some hours; when, I suddenly observed within the distance of a few yards of me, that peculiar object of my apprehension, in my present state, a female, traversing a path, which I had not hitherto observed among the vines. For a moment, I almost hoped that I should not excite her observation. But, my doubts were speedily decided; for, even in the instant in which I conceived them, her eye fell upon me.

She advanced in my direction ; and I observed that she was a peasant very meanly clad, in fact, a perfect type of poverty, but young, and apparently comely.

When she had arrived sufficiently near, she accosted me in the language of the country, yet, with the accent of a foreigner.

“ I am afraid, Sir,” she said in a very pleasing, and remarkable voice, “ that you are ill.”

With all the tortures which the degrading weakness, vanity, and sensitiveness that I have described, could supply, I had been apprehending this interview ; and seeking how I should best contrive to conceal my infirmities. But, the moment the peasant spoke, all these fears and thoughts were instantly dispersed by the familiarity of tones, which suggested a thousand bygone recollections. I gazed scrutinizingly into her face ; and, in another second, all my doubts were terminated. It was Ianthe ; Ianthe, grown from the state of childhood, into that of puberty ; considerably altered, seemingly careworn, and disfigured too, by the marks of toil, and poverty ; but still, with sufficient re-

semblance to the bright-eyed, fair-haired girl of the garden of flowers, to render me incapable of not immediately detecting the identity of the two.

While I entertained these thoughts, I observed her silently and intently. At last, she suddenly aroused me from my retrospection, by repeating her question ; and instantly my mind returned from its consideration of those happy days, to the painful sense of my present situation. It was evident that she did not recollect me ; indeed, after CEnone having failed to recognise me, I never entertained an apprehension of any other person's success. Consequently, after a moment's consideration, and impelled by the heavy physical distress I was enduring, I surmounted my feelings of reluctance ; and replied,

“ I am very ill ; and shall be thankful to you, if you can supply me with any assistance.”

Her eyes were still beautiful ; and they sparkled with sympathy, and commiseration as I returned this answer. But, her feelings of pity were infinitely increased, when, in a violent

effort to raise myself, my overwrought strength suddenly deserted me, and I fell heavily backwards on the earth.

With alarm, and strong interest in her expressive face, she instantly approached to assist me; and, though fragile in appearance, having in reality much of the vigor of the peasant, she easily succeeded in placing me upon my feet. She then told me that her abode was within a hundred yards of the spot on which we stood; and that if I could summon force to reach it, I could there remain, until her father, who was a vintager, should return from his daily work; when, he would procure for me the means of conveying me wherever I might desire. I adopted thankfully her proposal; and, leaning upon her arm, immediately commenced my walk.

To my surprise, I then found, that the place whereon I had rested, was but a short distance from the high road; and that we must proceed along a portion of it, in order to reach her residence. This discovery, though it eased me of all apprehension as to the mode of my return,

instantaneously excited in me, a new and more sorry and unworthy apprehension, even than any of those I had yet entertained. But, to explain it, I must now with shame relate that, as though my own vices and follies had not been already redundant, I had imbibed from the luxurious inhabitants of the neighbouring sea-port, a despicable love for the gaieties of apparel, as well as for all the frivolities of ostentatious magnificence. Consequently, my skeleton form being at the moment, to which I am now recurring, bedecked with a degree of gairishness that was as inappropriate as unseemly; and my mind being in a state of degradation that was quite worthy of my exterior, I trembled lest some disdainful noble, or haughty merchant, should pass, and discern, in this close, and ignominious association with a poverty-stricken peasant, the still more haughty and wealthy foreigner; who had proudly stood aloof, and invariably discountenanced all their offers of fellowship. Literally writhing beneath my apprehension, and the idea of the insulting, contumelious gaze of some scornful patrician, I

made even preternatural efforts to arrive at the spot which exempted me from this liability: mentally resolving that no love of solitude, or any other temptation, should ever again induce me to ride even in the immediate vicinity of our abode, without a meet retinue.

I record these contemptible thoughts, and feelings, simply to show the depth of degradation, to which my own crimes, and a father's wrathful injustice, had reduced me. *Once*, my faults were those, which arise in turbulent, and strong passions, the rank luxuriance of a too fertile soil; but, *now*, they were the feeble, sickly, noisome weeds which grow stealthily and scantily, in the interstices of a stony, and devastated plain. Oh, *how* I loathed these little, mean, debasing weaknesses, no words can ever express! though I never ceased to strive to palliate their existence, by representing to myself, that they originated in no natural bent of mine; but, were the congenial, and poisonous growth of the fell destruction, which my ruthless father had inflicted on my former being.

Independently, however, of the motives which

I have assigned, there were others almost equally powerful, to render me heartily desirous to arrive at the place of my destination; for, I plainly saw that during my walk to it, the painful efforts and exertions, I was compelled to make, and the evident distress, and exhaustion of my whole frame, obtained for me the pity of Ianthe; and I hated, loathed, detested pity! From man, woman, or child, from old, or young, powerful, or weak, pity scarcely ever emanates but blended in a greater or less degree, with an alloy of patronage and protection. The pity of *Ænone*, and of my sister, was pure, genuine, unadulterated affection: but, the pity of a stranger is generally little more than condescension; a sort of hybridous feeling composed of a small share of instinctive aversion from the aspect of calamity, and a very large proportion of inward exultation and congratulation arising in the soothing consciousness of being free from those defects, or misfortunes, which may be its object. Entertaining this opinion, it may consequently easily be credited, that I cordially abhorred that nauseous, counterfeit composition, cour-

teously, and vulgarly, denominated, *Pity*: and most heartily rejoiced, when my arrival at her abode, and the attainment of the means of rest, partially freed me from that of Ianthe; though, I own, I believe that hers, was as honest, unalloyed commiseration, as one stranger could feel for the misfortunes of another.

But, what shall I call that abode?—A cottage? No. A hovel? Yes; and such a hovel as only those, who are acquainted with the kingdoms of the south, and of the limited necessity which the peasant of those happy lands experiences of protecting himself from the climate, can even imagine. There were four walls, and a roof, it is true; and insomuch, it did not differ from the common residences of the inhabitants of less favoured climes. But, in these particulars alone, existed any resemblance; in all other respects, it was utterly dissimilar.

Perhaps, when every evil has been minutely compared, all its worst features of aggravation scrupulously weighed, and even its faintest shades of mitigation carefully considered, it will be universally acknowledged that there is *none*, which

can vie with that, of poverty,—utter, entire, abject destitution. Its progress of brutalization possesses an unparalleled rapidity; the constant, gnawing apprehension of being unable to secure on the morrow, the necessary sustenance of life, at once reduces a man from the level of the state whereto competence exalts him, to that, of the savage animal. Every other wo, without exception, has some alleviation: for, every other wo partakes in a greater or less degree, of sentiment; and is therefore, never wholly devoid of dignity, which the sufferer, though often perhaps unconsciously, cherishes and employs as a means of self-support. The mourner, the deserted, the oppressed, the deceived, the calumniated; the husband who is dishonoured, the wife who is abandoned, the mother who is cursed by an unnatural son—all suffer only in the spirit. They *know* too, in their inmost hearts, that the duration of their unhappiness is solely dependent upon their own exertions; they feel too, that they need not perish, *unless they please*; and, in this secret sense of power, lurks a consolation which gilds even the death

to which their cherished woes *may* ultimately lead them. But, in poverty, exists no particle of mitigating delusion. It partakes of nought, that may extenuate, embellish, or even deceive; it is a hard, stern, naked, horrible, and debasing reality which at once attacks the very primary source of resistance, the most deeply seated energies of both body and mind; and that ultimately withers, consumes, annihilates its alike broken-hearted, and consciously degraded, victim.—Wretch as I am, I feel that though the wealth of the entire globe could not diminish my misery, it might be augmented by my subjection to this most iron, and unbending of human calamities.

In spite of my exhaustion, and the disorder of my spirit, I yet could find sufficient disinterestedness, to be much distressed by the view I had taken of the abode of Ianthe. I greatly desired too, to be informed in what cause this strange vicissitude of fortune could have originated; for, as I have stated, at the time of my acquaintance with her father, he was in the possession of a most respectable competence. But

I knew not how to satisfy this inquisitiveness, without revealing to her, our previous intercourse. However, after I had partially recovered from my fatigue, by the aid of some artifice, and more circumlocution, I at last arrived at the desired point; Ianthe being still almost as ingenuous, and communicative, as in the days of her childhood. I thus learned circumstances which much grieved me; not the least of which was, that I was the cause, though the innocent one, of their present horrible penury.

It appeared that her father was my father's land-steward; and that solely in consequence of his hospitable reception of myself, CEnone, and my sister, he had deprived him of his situation, which was a very lucrative one. The imprudent man, though he had long been in possession of this more than competent income, had saved no portion of it; and was therefore rendered destitute by his dismissal. In vain, he applied to my father, humbled himself before him, repeated to him that he was unaware that in receiving his children he was perpetrating an offence; and made every effort to induce him to revoke

his decree. But, my father was inflexible : indeed, when was he ever known to turn from his wolfish track, when cruelty was the object of his pursuit?

This was the cause of the sudden disappearance of Ianthe and her family, which had before excited my surprise. Reluctant to expose his poverty in his native land, and preferring to encounter it in some climate less stern than his own, her parent had emigrated to this beautiful region ; where, he had hitherto, scantily and laboriously supported himself and his daughter, by pursuing the occupation of a vintager. Isabel, her pretty sister, was dead ; destroyed probably by the unaccustomed hardships which she had been compelled to encounter.

There was in this simple story, much that interested me ; or, at least, to speak more correctly, that excited in me as much sympathy, as a consummate egotist can ever entertain for the woes of a stranger. I regarded Ianthe with attention : in spite, of the ravages which toil, and privation had made upon her beauty, it still retained considerable delicacy ; her hands

were small, and perfectly formed ; her waist was slim, and her figure graceful. Her mind too, was evidently still not unfeminized ; poor, wretchedly, pitiably, poor, as was every thing around her, yet its extreme cleanliness and order, clearly denoted that its superintendent had hitherto contracted none of the coarser habits of her present station : and her whole appearance, air, and manner, more eloquently corroborating this silent evidence, conjoined to prove that she still might be an object of interest, to the most refined, and the most fastidious.

After I had been conversing with her for some time, and the extreme misery of my sensations had considerably abated, I perceived my horse straying in a field ; and deliberately cropping the scanty pasturage it afforded, within the distance of a few score of yards of the hut. I had already been so humiliated before her, that I felt I could sink no deeper in her estimation : I knew that she was fully in possession of the secret of my infirmities, and that I had no further discovery to apprehend. I therefore told her, how I had been deserted by the treacherous

beast ; and that, as my debility prevented me from making the attempt, I hoped she would endeavour to recover him.

In her eager desire to execute this wish, the goodnatured girl instantly darted from the hovel. I watched her with interest ; stealthily, and slowly, when, in his immediate vicinity, she advanced still nearer to the unconscious brute ; at last, making a sudden, and active spring, she seized him by the bridle. The animal started, and plunged slightly ; but, though sprightly, and mischievous, he was not vicious. Patiently, and submissively therefore, he yielded himself a prisoner to his artful captor ; who conducted him exultingly to the spot before the hovel, whither I had advanced in my impatience to meet her.

I felt ashamed to offer money to one, whom I had once known under such different circumstances : consequently, having mounted the now passive animal, I thanked her warmly for the assistance she had afforded, and the kindness she had shown me ; and, telling her that we should meet again, departed.

When I reached my home, I acquainted my sister with the adventure that had befallen me; and with the whole particulars of Ianthe's sympathy, appearance, and penury. I then added that, being loath to discover myself to either her or her parent, I wished that she would visit them as though accidentally; and, without any mention of me, promise to relieve them. In the mean time, I would consult with our tenant, and endeavour to find for the father, some situation which would afford him an adequate income for the rest of his life.

To this project of concealment, I was instigated by two reasons: the first, and certainly, by far, the principal, arose in my general antipathy to society, and love of seclusion, both of which feelings I foresaw must be opposed were I to make myself known to them: for, I could not adopt this course without virtually subjecting myself to the necessity of occasionally inviting them to become the inmates of our abode. The second reason existed in my unwillingness to allow either father, or daughter, to identify the decrepit, wretched invalid of their present ac-

quaintance, with the comely, vigorous being, whom they had once known in all the health and pride of youth.

After this arrangement with my sister, I immediately proceeded to fulfil my share of it, by seeing our land-steward, and notifying to him, my wishes. The result of this interview was, that the father of Ianthe was appointed to a respectable employment in the city, which produced, conjoined to a considerable sum that I allowed him out of my own funds, a very sufficient income. My sister, who, as I had desired her, had previously seen him several times, affecting that she had discovered him accidentally, now communicated to him, this unexpected good fortune; which he and his daughter naturally imagined to have occurred in consequence of Marion's pretended intercession with the individual who nominally bestowed the situation.

From this time, flattering myself that I had done my duty by them, I thought no more of either Ianthe or her father. My sister, I knew, frequently visited them, and that they were ceaseless in their professions of gratitude to her;

and also, that she sometimes, experienced considerable difficulty in baffling their inquiries about her brother. These were the particular reports concerning them, which I occasionally heard; if one can be said to *hear* that, which produces no more lasting impression upon the memory than that, which a small boat leaves upon a stormy ocean; for, again my mind had relapsed into its state of tumult, and again I was utterly immersed in the consideration of my own wretchedness.

Several months elapsed; and my gloom was unrelieved by one ray of light. I had utterly abandoned myself to the dominion of my misery; and it had consequently attained a power which rendered the curse of existence intolerable. In spite of my apprehensions of the future, often had I contemplated suicide without affright; and there were moments of despondence and of agony, so irresistible, that, I firmly believe, nothing could have prevented me from adopting this desperate remedy, but that strong thirst and hope of vengeance which never forsook me.

One day, when my morbid feelings of dark melancholy, and sullenness, were most strongly upon me, I was straying in our gardens, when I heard the sound of voices: and unconsciously, and mechanically I walked in the direction whence they appeared to ascend. Arriving at the termination of an avenue formed of orange trees, and acacias, I discovered the speakers, seated in a vineyard, without the wall, which bounded our grounds; and on an elevation that commanded a beautiful view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It was a lovely spot; and most appropriate to the evident feelings and occupations of those who had selected it. On the left, extended the ruins of a vast aqueduct, a magnificent, and almost imperishable monument of the Roman power; and which, standing above the level of the horizon, contrasted strikingly, and picturesquely, with the deep azure of the spotless empyrean. On the other side, was a valley, the very type of fertility, filled with the ilex, the olive, the date, and the vine; the latter of which hung in graceful festoons, its juiciness, and verdure still un-

diminished by the summer heats. Beyond this beautiful object, was a line of hills, at the foot of which lay the city, its proud towers, and domes, and spires, glancing and glittering in the rays which a southern sun poured upon them, in a flood that seemed almost palpable. Such was the blaze of light, that buildings, ocean, river, foliage, nay, the very earth itself, all appeared to have imbibed it, and spontaneously to return an irradiated front to the great luminary. With this glorious, soothing, and yet exhilarating scene, all animated nature seemed to be in unison, and in jubilee. The vintager was singing in the distance, the national, and characteristic songs of his country; the *contadina* was bustling in the vineyard with a motion, and an air, that unequivocally indicated the lightsomeness of her heart, and occasionally too, her voice was also tunefully raised in expression of her happiness: the *cicala* was gaily and merrily chirping; the *aziola* was cooing; and far, and near, man, bird, and beast, all united to express their sense of peace, and gladness.

The two occupants of the spot from which,

this beautiful spectacle was commanded, were a youth and a maiden ; and their air, and apparel sufficiently expressed their rank. This opinion which their appearance suggested, was confirmed by my observation of a group of mounted attendants, stationed at some distance from them, and holding a couple of horses ; but, from whose inquisitive and menial inspection, they were concealed by the intervention of still higher ground than even that, on which they were seated. The youth was remarkably handsome ; he was dressed in the Spanish costume which displayed to great advantage, the symmetry of his agile, but masculine form ; and the splendid plume of feathers in his picturesque hat, as it waved to and fro, impelled by his animated action, imparted an additional grace to his whole appearance. But, the maiden was exquisitely beautiful : and the gorgeousness, peculiarity, and somewhat oriental character of her apparel, even enhanced her natural charms. She wore a rich simar of Florentine satin, inlaid with golden flowers of the rarest workmanship, which, around the bosom was confined by

a row of emeralds; but, probably, in consequence of the heat, being partially unbuttoned, it exhibited a dazzling, and perfectly lovely neck. Her outer robe, which was somewhat of the character of a mantle, though it wanted the hood, was formed of green velvet of the most brilliant hue; and the seams of it were curiously traced and adorned, by rows of the most costly pearls. Her simar descending but little lower than her knees, displayed her ample, and brilliantly white trousers of the rarest lace, figured with golden sprays, and leaves, executed with infinite artifice. On her head, she only wore the black veil of the country; which, entirely removed from her face, hung down her back in ample folds that contrasted strikingly, and picturesquely with the radiant green of her robe. I imagined her to be a wealthy Greek from one of the Eastern isles; and her companion a Sicilian.

Such was the pair that met my fascinated gaze. Time, place, circumstance, the extreme beauty of the maiden, and the striking singularity of her gorgeous costume, all combined to render

this spectacle eminently remarkable. But, it was the occupation of the principal actors, which perfected the impressiveness of the picture in my eyes; and made every feature of a scene, that presented so vivid and painful a contrast to my own state, and condition, root itself indelibly in my mind. And so completely has it survived the confusing and effacing power of my subsequent sufferings, that, even while I am now writing, all the minutest particulars which relate to it, are as fresh in my recollection as though I had witnessed them but yesterday.

At the moment of my observation, the youth was addressing the maiden with great energy, and animation. Though I perfectly understood their language, yet being a foreigner, and as the speaker was at some little distance from me, his rapid and impassioned utterance prevented me from distinguishing his words. Nevertheless, it required no aid from the sense of hearing, to enable the dullest and most superficial spectator to discover the nature and topic of their conversation. Never before, had I seen

love so strongly, and so beautifully, enthroned upon the features of any existing being as it now appeared upon those of this fond, and comely pair : never even had I *thought* that the human countenance was susceptible of an expression at once so tender and so passionate, so joyous and so affectionate, so radiant, and yet so eloquently, intensely feeling ! As the youth gazed closely, poringly, into the maiden's face, his dark eyes flashing with soul and fire, they literally seemed to crave, to search for, and to drink, the very source of life from hers. His mistress did not blench beneath this ardent scrutiny ; her look was more tempered, but it was not less concentrated than his : it was less bold, but it was not less expressive ; it contained more of day-light, more of glorious feminine purity, but it did not less unequivocally reveal the tale of mortal love that was passing within. No, the red spot of passion glowed as vividly upon the centre of *her* cheek ; the brightness of respondent, and equal feeling was as apparent in *her* deep blue eye. I could see the quick palpitation of her bosom ; soul answered

to soul; and the exuberant joy of her exulting heart played so beamingly upon her illumined countenance, that it almost seemed to encircle it, even as a palpable vestment of radiance!

After remaining in this situation, for a brief time, they at last arose; and, the youth's arm twined caressingly around her waist, they thus, slowly descended to the valley. With the most intent interest, I watched them; gradually their forms grew more indistinct; and at length, they entirely disappeared. Then, I threw myself upon the earth, in an agony of bitterness; for, during the whole period that I had been contemplating this enviable pair, I had been contrasting their fate with mine. And the strong, and intense sense of my own sufferings, and deprivations, which the consideration of their happiness occasioned, had filled my soul with gloom, wrath, and regret.

“Oh, great, stern, ruler of heaven!” I cried, “what have I ever done to merit the accursed doom of being thus utterly stripped of the possession of that godlike faculty, which has just raised these beings almost to the level of divi-

nities!—Why have I been robbed of the power of experiencing that best blessing, which this imperfect existence affords? Why has *Love*, that bright, that glorious, sun of the heart, ceased to shed its vivifick beams on mine?—It shines on all, save me; and *I* writhe beneath its absence; wither in the want of it. Yet, when I raise my craving eyes in anxious search of its genial light, I only discern the image of impending Death hovering with outstretched wings, lingeringly, menacingly, over my devoted head; and am made but to feel, with an augmented despair, that the remainder of my wretched lot is irrevocably cast in the fell darkness of his vast shadow. *This*, is my accursed, and eternal, doom! Yet, are my faults not mine; they originate in the neglect, and callosity of a father. But, *he* escapes and *I* am punished; he lives, perhaps, in happiness, and I writhe in misery! Is this, the justice of providence? In the pride of my youth, in the morn of my days, I am a tree without a core, a cypress without a root; and *he*, my destroyer, in the decline of his years, may be reveling at this moment, in the pleni-

tude of strength, and in the possession of every faculty. Yet, as though my meed were insufficient, I not only want the *power* but I am cursed with the insatiate *thirst* of happiness. What is there I would not relinquish, what not cheerfully undergo, to possess again the capability of exciting in a lovely woman, the feelings I have just witnessed! But, who will ever again look upon me, with the eyes of love? And yet, I would sacrifice my soul to be able to inspire it!"

At this moment, the thought of CÆnone flashed upon my recollection.

"True," I said, "she loves me; were I to encourage her, perhaps, *her* face would soon smile upon me, as beamingly as that of the maiden, I have just admired. But, alas, the French noble's creed is true; 'we cannot love a second time, her whom we have once entirely ceased to love.' Were the faculty of love to be restored to me, even in the redundance in which I once possessed it, I should never, I fear, be able to devote any portion of it, to CÆnone. But, would to God, that I could make the trial—oh, would that I could regain this blessed, this

divine power ! There is no tyranny I would not cheerfully undergo, no degradation, no subjection, could I but once more entertain the affection of love for any existing being, and inspire her, with a respondent feeling for me !”

While I was still pertinaciously increasing my torments by the indulgence of these, and similar thoughts, I heard approaching footsteps ; when, instantly arising from the ground, I seated myself on the base of an adjoining statue. In the next moment, my sister stood before me ; appareled in her riding dress.

“ I have just come,” she said, “ from visiting Ianthe. She really is a bewitching girl, and I have conceived quite a passion for her. I cannot understand what could have induced you to have so mis-represented her personal appearance to me. Why, my dear, blind brother, she is perfectly beautiful ; I am not quite sure that I shall except even *CEnone*, when I say that I do not think I ever saw a fairer creature. And her intellectual qualities thoroughly correspond with those of her exterior ; in fine, a girl with a more elegant mind, or form, I never

beheld. When I gaze upon her father, I confess that I am astounded by the strange freaks which Nature sometimes plays. How *he* ever chanced to have such a daughter, I protest, I am utterly incapable of explaining; and how *she* ever chanced to preserve so much delicacy, and refinement, through such a career of privation and misfortune, as she must have endured, is, I acknowledge, equally enigmatical to me."

It might almost astonish the most profoundly skilled in human frailty, to observe how greatly men are influenced in their estimation of the beauty of a woman whom they may feel a lurking tendency to admire, by the opinions and criticisms of others. Rochefoucauld, the ingenious writer, whom I have already more than once cited, acutely says, "*Il y a des gens qui n'auraient jamais été amoureux s'ils n'avaient jamais entendu parler de l'amour.*" Perhaps, both feelings arise in the same principle; but, neither of them can occur, save in servile, imitative dispositions, wherein no original bent, or feature exists. Such a mind was mine, become: the natural passions I had once possessed had been slowly, but

surely, and utterly, effaced from the tablet of my breast, in the fierce, and resistless current of the moral and physical convulsions which I had sustained; and, alike irretrievably spoiled, and indurated, in this bitter process of erasure, it was doomed to remain, during the rest of my days, a blank, for the hand of chance, or of my own fruitless desires, to trace upon its stony surface, a few transient, and desultory characters; which the first fresh accident, or fresh caprice, should again remove, and replace, by some new, and equally false, and fleeting substitute.

These remarks will at once indicate the train of reflection which my sister's encomium suggested.

“Can Ianthe,” I thought, “be so comely, as Marion describes her to be? If really so, why should I not love *her*?—She always was an object of interest to me; when, even quite a child, I thought her one of the sweetest, and most bewitching, and fairy-like beings I had ever beheld. Doubtlessly too, the improvement in her circumstances, has equally beneficially influenced her appearance. *Wherefore*, should

I not love her ! Were I to adopt this course, what a mitigation, what a blessing, I should entail upon my existence !”

“ Why do you not,” said my sister, pursuing her chain of thought which had not been interrupted ; for, these reflections of mine, had occurred during her speech : “ why do you not visit Ianthe, and judge for yourself of the accuracy of my report ? I am sure that her society would be to you a source of alleviation, if not of pleasure. Thither, too you may go, without fear of discovery, if you still wish to continue unknown to her ; and I can assure you too, that she is desirous to meet again the sick stranger.”

I made no reply to this injunction ; but, silently promising myself that I would speedily obey it, strolled from my sister’s presence to another quarter of the garden. As soon however, as I had become completely free from her observation, I mounted my horse, and turned in the direction of Ianthe’s new abode ; which was at a distance of not more than three, or four miles from ours.

While I traversed this short space, my mind

was actively occupied by numerous thoughts of a nature which had long been utterly strange to it. I was considering the image of Ianthe; attempting to depict to myself all the different improvements which her change of fortune must have produced upon her appearance; conjecturing the nature of the reception she would give me; in fine, was busily engaged in strenuously endeavouring to persuade myself that I was already, deeply, passionately in love.

While I thus reflected, I arrived at the door of their new abode; and, as I gazed upon it, I could not but derive a pleasure from the consciousness that I was the cause of this great change in their condition. Their present habitation was situated without the walls of the city, in its immediate suburbs; and, independently of the beauty of its situation, was intrinsically commodious, and indicative of the competence, if not, wealth of its possessor. It was not large; but, every portion of it was well built, and well arranged; and, though architectural appearance, and ornament were not neglected, still, eminently expressive of solidity, and comfort.

As I paused before the gate of the garden to make this observation, I discerned Ianthe walking within it. Her eye almost immediately caught mine; and, summoning the attendance of a servant, she advanced to the entrance. She evidently recollected me; and, judging by the expression of her countenance, seemed rejoiced to meet me again. But, her words speedily even more than confirmed her looks: she welcomed me warmly, and eagerly inquired the state of my health; then, desiring the domestic to take charge of my horse, requested me to enter. Gladly, I complied; and in the ensuing moment, I was traversing her grounds, with, this time, *her* arm resting upon *mine*.

As I regarded her, I could not forbear from frequently saying inwardly, with much secret self-complacency, and exultation, "This good work is my deed." And certainly, the change effected in her exterior was equally remarkable, and satisfactory. Instead of the wretched peasant whom I had previously beheld, poverty inscribed as legibly upon her hollow cheek, and emaciated features, as upon the tatters which

scantly covered her, there now stood before me, an elegant creature; whose natural attractions were enhanced to the utmost, by all those artificial and most material accessories which a well arranged costume can supply. As I furtively gazed again, I admitted that my sister's judgment was quite right: she *was* a beautiful girl; with an antelope-like grace of walk, and motion, and eyes pellucidly bright, and irresistibly eloquent.

She seemed to derive great pleasure from descanting to me on the change that had occurred in her condition, since our previous encounter; telling me truly, and ingenuously, the entire cause of it. Then, I was doomed to experience repeatedly the pleasure of hearing my sister's praise and mine proclaimed in the sweetest tones in the world; and with all the fervent gratitude of an utterly unsophisticated disposition. This detail she frequently interrupted by renewed inquiries after the state of my health; told me regretfully that I did not appear to have increased in strength; and, withdrawing her arm from the support of mine,

insisted that I should sustain mine upon hers. In all this, and similar conduct, which, in a less unpractised, and unworldly person would only have plainly proved the extent of her coquetry, being solely instigated by the natural kindness of her disposition.

During our walk, she asked me many other questions respecting myself, my occupations, my residence, and my station. Without too, any discourtesy, but in the pure simplicity of her mind, and with an ineffable grace of manner that imparted an irresistible fascination to the eccentricity of her course, she pursued these inquiries so pertinaciously, that I was compelled to fabricate a long tissue of fiction, to avoid the avowal of my real name and condition. At length, we reached the house; her father was there; and, under the feigned designation which I had adopted, she presented me to him.

There was something indescribable about him, which I never liked; and which made an unfavourable, and indelible impression upon me, even when he was most hospitable to me. As I anticipated, he did not recollect me; and

gazed curiously at my maimed arm; then, eyed me generally with an air that was altogether disagreeable to me; but soon, his manner entirely changed.

There is one strange quality in our nature, which to me, has ever been inscrutable. I allude to that mysterious sympathy, which frequently so powerfully influences two men, during a first interview, that, though they shall never before have met, each never even have previously heard the name of the other;—consequently, been incapable of forming any of those favorable, or unfavorable prepossessions which a prior acquaintance with a man's reputed character, is almost certain to engender in the breast of one who is personally a stranger to him;—though too, there shall be no discrepancy in their relative worldly position, yet, almost in the very moment, they become confronted, the influence of this mysterious action shall commence; and, before either shall have had an opportunity of *verbally* manifesting any supremacy of mental power or endowment, all equality between them shall have ceased to

exist. The one, shall have silently assumed a level superior to that, of the other; and, in proportion as this one shall have risen, the second shall have responsdently sunk. Yet, this consciousness of strife, of conquest, and defeat shall be entirely confined to the sensations of the combatants. No word, or even look of patronage on one side, or of concession on the other, shall have transpired to indicate their existence to any common observer; for, I do not mean to assert, that it is entirely concealed from him, who has eyes, and chooses fully to employ them.

This, is the occult link in our nature which has always baffled my attempts to penetrate its source. Why should man, free man, unoppressed, unsubdued by the sense of guilt, yet quail before the regard of his fellow man? What is there of real, intrinsic dignity in the one, to inspire the other, with an imaginary idea of comparative insignificance? Neither does concession in this strange strife always indicate the consciousness of mental inferiority; for, I have often seen the fool predominate.

However, it may be said, that, one of the two antagonists possesses nerve, and the other, does not. But, I answer; that the one who is victorious in this bloodless contest, shall perhaps run away in the moment of personal peril; while he, who blenched beneath the mysterious influence of an imaginary supremacy, shall firmly confront the real danger, and perish rather than flee before it.

These remarks have been suggested to me by the nature of my own meeting with Ianthe's father. Perhaps, however, there *were* reasons for *his* tacit submission to my tacit exertion of pretensions to superiority. He was a weak man; and I do not think that he possessed any principles which were particularly admirable. Yet, I mean not that he was either a consummate knave, or a consummate fool; probably he was too much of both, to be wholly either. It may be said that I am almost describing my own condition; for, that I too, was both weak, and bad; and consequently, why should he have succumbed to me? True, but my weaknesses were more stormy than his; I was the

tempest, and he was the breeze; and in the rise of the one, the other naturally merges.

I remained for a considerable time, discoursing with Ianthe; and, when I departed, was so well satisfied with my visit, that, on the following day, I returned to repeat it. And thenceforward, day after day, week after week, this was my occupation.

Ianthe was evidently pleased with my homage; I soon learned that it was the first of its kind, which she had ever received; and it was gracious and impressive in its novelty. As my attentions developed themselves, and their object became more obvious, her manifestation of satisfaction was less; but, I did not think that her entertainment of it, proportionately decreased. On the contrary, I imagined that this change in her exterior was a favorable indication; for, it implied to me that her predilections had so augmented in strength, that at last she had become awakened to the necessity of concealing them. She knew but little relating to my personal circumstances; I had always indirectly represented them to her as

being very straitened ; and, from the, perhaps premeditated, observations which had fallen from her father since his acquisition of his present station, and income, she felt convinced that he would never give his concurrence to her union with a poor man.

With this individual, therefore, I had a part to play, the difficulty of which afforded a fresh stimulus and charm, to the pursuit I had undertaken. While I was zealously engaged in endeavouring to propitiate Ianthe, I had to fulfil the far more arduous and almost Herculean task of attempting to persuade him, that I was regardless of her ; and that *he* was the sole object of my attraction to his abode.

What however, were the means I possessed of obtaining the affections of the daughter? Maimed, mutilated, irretrievably impaired in personal aspect and in bodily health, and vigor, how could I ever hope to make any impression upon the heart of such a girl as Ianthe? In these very deficiencies, existed, I believe, one of my principal engines of advancement. Women generally like the society of the in-

valid. In their nature there is something which makes them rejoice in that taming of the wild, and the unmanageable, which illness occasions; in that reduction of the strength of the more formidable animal, to the level of their own weakness. It gives them dominion; it exalts them from the state of nominal supremacy, and real subjection, to that of the dominator. Instead of being, as heretofore, patronized and tolerated, or at least, only conventionally, and fitfully worshipped, it at once invests them, not with delegated, not with conditional, but with actual, intrinsic, permanent power. Instead of being any longer slaves by coercion, or mistresses by permission, they become rulers *per se*, protectresses, and patronesses. It affords them, also, an opportunity of evincing their compassion; of indulging too, in a thousand little innocent, and endearing kindnesses; and of temporarily leaping that rigid fence of formal propriety, which, otherwise, habitually fetters the female intercourse with man.

Probably, in the influence of some one, or perhaps, all these feelings, originated Ianthé's

partiality to my society. Perpetually endeavouring to advance myself in her estimation, I never manifested any of the acerbity of disease; and every temptation to the indulgence of moroseness, I obtained in this predominant desire, the strength to repress. None therefore, of my acquired, or natural faults appeared; in her presence, I was all patience, resignation, submission, yet eternally animated by the wish to please her.

This conduct, I saw gradually made a deep impression upon a frank, and amiable girl, but constitutionally ambitious of sway. Consistently, therefore, I continued to pursue it, in spite of the physical sufferings, which often manifested themselves but too plainly before her. Yet, I was not pained by her discovery of them; when we first met, she had made herself mistress of the whole secret of my infirmities; and I had not therefore, to apprehend that her detection of them might militate against my attainment of her affections. I was conscious that she knew them all; and if she should ever love me, I should triumph in despite of her knowledge.

Consequently, in her society, I had always the satisfaction of feeling that I was utterly exempt from the liability of enduring a species of torment, whereto I was exposed in my intercourse with every other existing being, except my sister.

As our intimacy increased, it gradually led to the entire manifestation of her character. She was a high spirited girl, and endowed with many amiable qualities; but, a child of nature, uncultivated, impetuous, ardent, proud. In early life, her education had been wholly neglected by her father; and she therefore wanted those fixed principles which were the rock, and solace of *CEnone*. No temptation could have induced her to have erred wilfully; but, her resolutions were transitory, and uncertain. Yet, she was full of sweetness, and affection; and eminently abounded in all the virtues which properly appertain to the dispositions that possess her, or similar, faults. Her disinterestedness too, was unlimited; and she was generous, ardent, and benevolent; eager to serve, and energetic in her service. In fine,

she had many qualities to excite genuine, and permanent love.

But did she excite *mine*? No: for, a time however, I tried most strenuously to persuade myself that she had. I felt deeply the inestimable value of the prize in the game I was playing; and I was resolved not to miss it for want of an adequate effort. I was conscious that if I could once again arouse in myself a truly unselfish passion; once again twine around my heart a perpetual, and all-absorbing interest in the existence of another, that I should be emancipated from the thralldom of that great incubus of my being, the disease of my mind; and then, have but to contend with the mere secondary, vulgar evil of physical derangement. This was an end worth a struggle; and a strenuous one, I made.

Nevertheless, my efforts were futile; and, in spite of my attempt to self-deceive, I soon became secretly sensible of their futility. Yet, I did not abandon my pursuit; for, many other motives now conjoined to instigate me. Perhaps, the strong hope of alleviating my mental torture

was the origin of my undertaking; but, it was often subsequently sustained by very different, and even less justifiable incentives. During however, their occurrence, I was not disposed to subject them to a very severe analysis. I felt an excitement, an impulse; sensations which to me were heavenly, in comparison with the deathlike apathy, the horrid monotony, the hateful weariness and disgust of existence, which I had so long been enduring. My mind, during many years, had been but a vast void; or rather, a tablet which presented but one unvarying inscription, *Hatred and revenge*; too eager, and too glad was it therefore, to welcome its new guests, to be very rigid in either the examination of their character, or the motives of their presence.

The truth is, that after a time, my vanity was my sole incentive: but, it is a very easy process of self-delusion, to mistake a cherished disease of the head, for an affection of the heart. I can now however, see clearly the entire current and nature of my sensations. I had already devoted a considerable period to this pursuit;

Ianthe had hitherto only manifested some slight degree of predilection for me; and my vanity consequently, became deeply involved in my desire of success. I began to feel that this frivolous, but powerful passion, was staked against her subjugation; that I was bound to prove to myself that, despite all the disadvantages of mind and person, I was still possessed of the power of inspiring affection. To these incentives, the habit of communion with Ianthe, united to render the cessation of my pursuit utterly impracticable. The consequence was, that never did true lover, actuated by the worthiest, and sincerest impulses, evince greater zeal, employ greater diligence, undergo greater exertions, in attempting to win the heart of the object of his genuine worship, than did I, in obedience to the dictates of these false feelings; this morbid, selfish, cold-blooded desire of establishing for myself a passionate interest in the breast of an innocent, and unsuspecting girl, whose peace might probably be eternally ruined by my success.

It must not, however, be supposed that I en-

tertained any premeditated intention to occasion her unhappiness. Very opposite were my feelings, and wishes. I really was fond of her; I really, I believe, loved her as much as I had the power of loving: what was the extent of that power, the subsequent incidents will shortly show. How indeed, could I be otherwise than attached to a person who was all kindness to me? who hourly proved that she derived pleasure from my society; who, on the slightest manifestation of my infirmities was ever ready to succour, and never wearied in her attempts to console me. Who, when I experienced a moment's exemption from the depression of disease, would charm me with her sprightliness, and when my malady returned, would instantly subside into gentleness, and sympathy: who, in fine, made ceaseless, and equal efforts both to mitigate the melancholy of my mind, and secure me every personal comfort. She seemed to regard me, in some respects, almost as a kind of rare, fragile, pet animal; for whose protection, and to preserve whose existence, it was necessary to exert a perpetual vigilance. Often, therefore,

as, with my arm resting upon hers, we strayed through her beautiful grounds; whether she were cheerful, or sedate, whether her converse were animated, or grave; whether she was eagerly discussing some topic of strong personal interest, or buoyantly uttering a thousand agreeable and imaginative sallies, she would yet never forget to turn occasionally, and look poringly into my face, to ascertain the exact state of my strength. In those moments, her beautiful countenance assumed a strange, and ineffable expression; almost, as though she were at once entertaining for me, that impossible union of the sentiments of mistress, mother, wife, and nurse.

From this description of her conduct, it might be inferred that she was the lover, and I, the maiden; that she made all the advances, and I passively, and condescendingly received them. But, I am now adverting to a period when our intimacy had been long established; and besides, in repayment for all this zeal, and partiality, I returned her one very important equivalent. I had become to her a perpetual, and necessary stimulus to the exertion of her

faculties, and abilities; and she was consequently gratefully pleased with and fond of me, for affording her the opportunity of being thoroughly pleased with and fond of herself: a sensation, the unbounded satisfaction of which is generally both the secret source, and support of the existence of most friendships, and many passions; and furnishes the reason why we scarcely ever discover in either the one state, or the other, a perfect equality. One party must bend, the other, stand erect; one must be the vine, the other, the prop; one must find a pleasure in the entertainment of admiration, the other in being the object of it.

I was content to play the subordinate to Ianthe: I was content to encourage, and to foster all her flights of superiority; to be with her, the patient listener, the approving auditor. I was neither humiliated by the patronage of her kindness, nor by that assumption of the protectress, which arose in her affection, and in an ingenuous belief of my necessity of her support. But, I would not allow myself to sink too low: for, I knew that no woman could ever expe-

rience a passion for him, for whom she entertained no respect. Therefore, whenever I saw, or thought I saw, that her idea of my dependence was growing too prevailing, I made every effort of mind, and body, which I thought most proper to controvert it. As soon as I conceived this end to have been attained, I relapsed into the docile, and the submissive, but yet, the zealous, the ardent, and endearing: my sole object being to secure, at any self-sacrifice, the possession of her affections.

In this species of intercourse elapsed many months. Occasionally perhaps, a sense of the injustice of my conduct would obtrude itself into my mind; but, I always baffled its reproaches and admonitions.

For a long time, her father had, to my surprise, ceased to manifest any symptoms of suspecting the object with which I sought his daughter; though I was now, more frequently than ever, at his house; indeed, scarcely ever apart from her society. But, the unseen storm was impending; and the catastrophe was silently approaching. One day, one memorable day,

that I visited her, the melancholy expression of her countenance instantly struck me; and, upon observing her more closely, I discovered the traces of tears.

“Ianthé,” I said eagerly, “what distresses you?”

She regarded me sadly; but, made no reply. I repeated my question with even greater anxiety; and she then, rejoined,

“My father has commanded me never again to see you.”

My passion fired at this announcement; but, in the next instant, I felt a thrill of pleasure.

“And you regret,” I exclaimed tenderly, yet exultingly, “this unjust and imperious mandate?”

“I did not say so,” she answered.

“No,” I retorted, somewhat disappointed by the brevity of her reply, and of her manner; “no, you did not *say* so, but your aspect, and the traces of tears upon your cheek, gave me reason to suppose and to hope that you had received this command with, at least, reluctance.”

“Well,” she replied after a moment’s pause,

“ I know not why I should attempt to conceal from you, my sorrow. I *do* grieve that we must part.”

“ Part !” I cried, “ you do not mean that you purpose to submit to this barbarous decree ?”

“ And what have you ever seen in me of evil,” she reproachfully rejoined, “ to make you think me capable of acting in open hostility to a parent’s solemn, and peremptory decision ?”

This reply, I confess, surprised me ; and I added quickly,

“ You will not surely sacrifice *me*, for the sake of complying with this tyranny, simply because it emanates from a father ? Remember, a parent may err as frequently and as gravely as other men. I could, if I pleased, reveal to you, a proof of the truth of my assertion.”

“ Speak not so unkindly to me,” she replied ; “ I have enough of sorrow to endure without the additional weight of your anger. How, am I to act ? I have a father who has ever been to me, the kindest of monitors, the best of friends ; he has commanded me to separate from you and never again”——

“And his reasons?” I cried, interrupting her, “what are his reasons? Does he impugn my character?”

“My sense of duty,” she rejoined, “would not have permitted me to have demanded them; but, he spontaneously avowed them to me. He said that neither his own pecuniary means, nor yours, would ever admit the possibility of our union. You see therefore, that he is only actuated by paternal feelings; and I will not repay him with a child’s ingratitude. No; we must part, and for ever. He has placed invariably unbounded confidence in me; and I believe that the slightest breach of it, would break his heart.”

My anger was aroused; almost as much perhaps, by her praise of her father, as by her persistence in her obedience to his injunction.

“You have shown me,” I said, “that you are equally ignorant of yourself, of those who surround you, and of me. Your breach of duty break your father’s heart? Foolish girl! I could direct your attention to a heart that I believe to be the perfection of egotism; that

solely occupied, during a long series of years, in the pursuit of its own gratifications, has at last become so exquisitely hard, that it might serve as an anvil for the hammer of the Giant of the Northern Mythology. Yet, this, is the delicate material, the gossamer thread, which you suppose would break, were you to perpetrate the slightest dereliction. Self-deluded being that you are! Some day perhaps, you may learn to discern the difference between active benevolence and virtue, and those negative qualities which protect a man alike from the commission of either great good, or great evil. You are familiar with sacred lore: do you remember the message that John bears from heaven to the church of Laodicea? ‘I know thy works; thou art neither cold nor hot: *I would that thou wert cold, or hot.*’ And so, would I; I would rather that a man possessed vice and its corresponding virtue, than be without both virtue, and vice. These, are harsh truths; but, I seek to show you that, though I could admire in a daughter the obedience and self-sacrifice which arise in a principle of duty, I can see no merit in *infatua-*

tion.—And now, fare you well—and for ever. May you not live to regret that you have discarded, and contemned one who would have faithfully loved you! May you never live to be another's betrayed, and neglected wife!"

And as I thus spoke, I was proceeding towards the door: I regarded her attentively; she seemed oppressed with sorrow; but, she made no effort to prevent my departure. I laid my hand on the latch.

"Stay, stay!" cried a voice, "here is a wild business; why surely you must be both insane?" And as he uttered these words, her father entered hastily from the adjoining apartment.

Ianthe started; the little color that remained in it, forsook her cheek; and even I did not feel altogether unapprehensive.

"What a singular pair!" he said, "there is no calculating upon your movements. One anticipates a certain result, and the exact contrary ensues. Why are you going to separate? Do you not both love each other? At least, I am sure, I can answer for my daughter. Speak Ianthe, am I not proclaiming the truth?"

I thought my ears deceived me; and so, evidently did Ianthe; for, she remained silently, and wistfully gazing upon him, with a look of mingled doubt, amazement and apprehension. He repeated his question in a more exalted tone.

“Pardon me, father,” she replied, “I am so bewildered that I can scarcely muster sufficient reason to give a coherent answer. Do you really mean that I have your permission to express the genuine feelings of my heart?”

“Certainly, I do, silly girl,” he replied quickly, “I was but in jest, solely in jest, when I told you, that I desired your separation.”

“*Then,*” she said eagerly; and, suddenly pausing, all the blood that had forsaken her fair cheek returned to it, until it became a glowing crimson. She added not a word; but, she cast upon me a look that could not be misunderstood.

Hitherto, I had remained a silent, and amazed auditor of this scarcely comprehensible conversation; patiently awaiting and prepared for, any turn which the current of events might take. But, when I heard Ianthe’s emphatic and eager commencement of her reply, and the abrupt

pause which ensued; and observed her flushed cheek, and passionate, and eloquent expression, a sudden thrill of rapture, and of triumph darted through my veins.

“It *is* quite true,” said her father to me confirmatorily, in reply to the gaze of sudden hesitation which I had fixed upon him; and while he spoke, his daughter’s looks corroborated his assertion.

“What! Ianthe,” I cried in ecstasy, “do you really, truly love me? And will you be to me a wife? And can you indeed, look with love, on such a maimed, mutilated, accursed wretch as I?”

“*I can*,” she said in a low, but clear and decided tone: and her father placed her hand in mine. Its warm touch thrilled to my soul. I grasped it—pressed it—and raising it to my lips, kissed it fervently. *That* moment, was one of exquisite, enviable, unalloyed rapture, and exultation. But the *next*—

My object was secured, the termination of the acclivitous path I had been so long ascending was gained. I *had* emulated the youthful Sici-

lian, I *had* obtained the affections of a beautiful woman ; and my first impulse was naturally one of intense satisfaction, and triumph. But, in the ensuing instant, a torturing sense of the past, the present, and the future, suddenly and painfully, arose within me. I awoke electrically to the knowledge of my true condition ; of the ban I was enduring ; and of the doom that was inevitable. The possession of my suspended faculties was suddenly restored to me ; and I felt acutely the impossibility of ever availing myself of the victory I had so toilsomely achieved. The light that had lured me seemed bright, and cheerful, and strong, from the distant darkness ; but, when I seized it, it expired in my grasp, and I was stranded on the rocks. The moment of reckoning had arrived ; my eyes were opened, and I saw that while I had been obstinately hoping I was obeying the dictates of my *heart*, I had only been the wretched slave of the phantasms of a morbid, and frivolously active mind. Then too, with an ineffable agony of contrition and dismay, I became conscious that body and spirit were equally and eternally broken ; and

that the one, was not more incapable of ever again experiencing the impulses, than, the other, of sustaining the burthen, of affection; that both, in fine, were alike unfitted for the entertainment, and for the offices of love. And, in that poignant moment of unequalled retribution, I again shudderingly acknowledged, that,—I was an enervated, prostrated wretch; the *semblance* of passion had feverishly agitated my imagination, but its *soul* lay utterly dead within me; its fires were eternally extinguished; and, in lieu of a heart, I possessed ashes.

These, were the thoughts that arrayed themselves before me, thrillingly, and startlingly, as the spirits of the entombed may have appeared to their conscience-stricken murderers. The cup of my bitterness was too full; it overflowed: and, for a single instant, I experienced a slight alleviation.

These reflections, the description of which has required so considerable a space, occupied but few moments, in their occurrence. In my hand still rested that of Ianthe, though, during my poignant introspection, my grasp had gra-

dually and insensibly become so relaxed, it seemed to retain its situation less by my exertion, than by her own. Her father spoke; and the first tones of his voice instantly restored to me my self-possession.

“Do you think, my lord,” he said, “that I have not known you, ever since you commenced your wooing incursion into my territories? You may have thought yourself very crafty, but you see, you have had to deal with an older fox. Why, I discerned your intentions and objects from the very beginning of your visits hither. But, I would not declare my approval of them, because I cunningly thought that the necessity of disguise, and the encounter of supposed opposition, would only serve to strengthen your affection. And have I not proved to be right? Ha, ha, ha! my lord, you must have deemed me a blind, stupid, neglectful old parent; but, what did I, the very second day, that you honored us with a visit? Why I said to myself, ‘Here is a broken down outlaw’—begging your lordship’s pardon, for strange to say, I did not recollect

you—‘ come into my forest, to poach my venison. Judging by his own tale, he seems to have a very imperfect, and perplexed knowledge of himself, and his circumstances; so, as I am a charitable man, I will see if I cannot aid him in disentangling his own story; and, if he be deficient in other goods and chattels, endow him with the possession of a little self-knowledge.’ Accordingly, as soon as you had mounted your horse, I mounted mine, and followed you, until you arrived at your house. When I saw you enter the abode of our benefactress, I was astonished; but, when I asked a servant, who was the person who had just entered, I was far more astonished by his answer. Yes, Ianthé,” he added in reply to the surprised, and inquiring gaze of his daughter, “ in your nameless, equivocal lover, you see our noble benefactor, the brother of your gracious friend. I need not now, I imagine, repeat that I only pretended to oppose you, from the motives I have mentioned. But when, after a time, I saw that the passion had taken root, and yet continued to lag upon the road, I thought that

a little additional contrariety might perhaps accelerate it; so, I gave Ianthe the command which has led to the present happy result. Never indeed, could I have dreamed of the arrival of this triumphant moment! To see the son of my former master, and lord, standing hand in hand with my daughter, a betrothed bride-groom, and bride, is a spectacle of joy and exultation, that might almost justify any extravagance. Indeed, to own the truth, I *do* at this moment, feel rather mad; and when the wedding occurs, I doubt not that my insanity will be completed. I am without doubt, the luckiest, gayest, most contented varlet in existence; though certainly," he added mutteringly, "I did not expect that my stratagem would have proved the occasion of my overhearing so flattering a picture of myself."

During this incomparably vulgar tirade, which I record literally, in order that my sensations may be fully conceived, I was a martyr to my passions. The sense of shame, indignation and humiliation which the knowledge of having been thus duped, biassed, swayed, and regulated, by

an ignoble clown, was so strong, that, for a moment, it almost superseded all my other feelings. There was indeed no common bitterness to a morbidly proud mind, in the idea that, while I had been thinking I was pursuing my own selfish purposes for my own selfish ends, I had literally only been a puppet in the hands of this clumsy, low-minded plebeian fabricator of vulgar artifice; and that, according to his pleasure, he had checked or advanced my paces, regulated my movements, and prompted and turned me, as a mountebank exhibits his muzzled beast. It was a memorable, and a bitter, but a useful lesson to me; which impressed upon me indelibly, the consciousness that he who walks in the path of deceit, may chance to fall into another's gin; that he, who is the most artful captor, while too intently bent on catching, may yet himself be irretrievably caught.

Perhaps, this diversion of my sensations enabled me to recover with greater speed from that paralysis of my faculties, which the sudden dispersion of my delirium had occasioned. I regained my self-possession; and instantly

determined upon the course which I should pursue. I pressed the gentle hand that I still retained, fondly, and fervently, and then relinquished it. Addressing the father, I told him that, during the course of the morrow, his daughter should receive from me a written exposition of certain circumstances and feelings, her knowledge of which was essential both to her, and to me. Then, regarding him haughtily, I left the room. But, on the face of Ianthé, I could not look.

I reached my home; and was considering the means of extricating myself from my present difficulty, with the least possible degree of pain and mortification to the luckless object of my delusive attachment, when, I was intercepted by my sister, who had received a letter from CEnone. It recited various particulars regarding her voyage, its extreme length, and other circumstances which had prevented her from writing sooner; it revealed some of her present feelings; described,—what, even in that moment of bitterness and difficulty, afforded me satisfaction,—her peace of mind; and expressed a thousand

kind wishes for the welfare of my sister, and myself. But, in the termination, was a solitary line, that instantly threw my whole being into disorder. The few words that produced this overwhelming effect were simply these:—

“I suppose that of course you have heard who is my neighbour; but, in case he should not have written to you, I will tell you. *Your father has returned to the mansion.*”

My temples throbbed: my heart beat; I could scarcely sustain myself. But, I soon conquered these corporeal indications of emotion; and my resolution was irrevocably formed. I folded the letter, and returned it to my sister, without any remark.

As soon as I could gain the privacy of my own chamber, I proceeded to fulfil the sole duty that intervened to prevent the immediate execution of the intention I had formed; and thus, I wrote to Ianthe.

“I know not how to explain, or to palliate to you, the weakness, and madness of my conduct; I fear that it is neither explicable, nor veniable.

But, if sincere regret and contrition may prove any atonement for the perpetration of a wanton wrong, I may lay some slight claim to your forgiveness. I do, with my whole soul, lament the deceit I have practised upon you; and from the depth of my heart, humbly, prostrately, remorsefully implore your forgiveness.

“How shall I make intelligible to you the nature of the injury I have done you? the cause of the separation that must now eternally exist between us?—Your attractions fascinated my eyes, excited my *brain*; I thought my *heart* was touched, and, I *hoped*, and tried to believe, that I *loved* you. I knew that if I could succeed in entertaining this affection, I should be extricated from the abyss of mental misery into which I had fallen. This was the golden apple that hung at the end of the path on which I had entered; and, supported by the many charms of mind which our intercourse developed in you, it lured me on from day to day. I searched not narrowly into myself; I saw but you, and the reward that success would obtain for me: and I persuaded myself that I *loved*.

“ As long as apparent opposition, and a certain degree of doubt, stood in my path, I was not *compelled* to institute a more strict self-examination. I enjoyed your society; I derived consolation from your kindness; sufficient to the day is the evil thereof, was my unconscious code; and I continued to mistake the base metal for the pure gold, the semblance for the reality. At length, came the ordeal; you were resigned to me by a father. *Then*, my eyes were opened by the awful importance of my situation; and I discerned, with what remorseful bitterness I will not attempt to depict, that I had been the victim of a self-delusion; not only I became sensible that I did not love, but I felt that the power of loving had departed from me, for ever. A fearful responsibility was therefore suddenly imposed upon me: and, with a poignant sense of self-upbraiding that might almost have expiated any less crime, I found that I was subjected to the necessity of immediately determining whether, by tacitly suffering myself to be united to you, I would entail upon you a life of endless misery and regret; or, whether, by exposing you to a

temporary pain, and vexation, I would preserve you for, I devoutly trust, a long career of unalloyed happiness.

“These were my thoughts during our last ill-fated interview ; what have been my subsequent resolutions this letter intimates. Forget me, I implore you ! and instead of mourning, rejoice ! rejoice, that I have had the courage to adopt the course which I now premeditatedly take. We shall never meet again, in this world. But rejoice ! I say. You know not the danger to which you have been exposed ; you cannot dream of the desolation which you have escaped. You have been tottering on the brink of a moral precipice ; you have been within a hairbreadth of earthly perdition. My life has been a combat. Fate has met me as an adversary armed with sword, and knife, and left upon my outer being some ugly scars ; but, the hideousness of the wounds within, surpasses the conception, even the understanding, of the virtuous. Yet, you have fancied that you knew me ; but, I tell you, that there exists not the mortal, who is *less* strange to my real nature than you ; for the

many can but be in ignorance of it, while you have formed and fostered an opinion which is the exact antithesis of the truth. You have deemed me, a gentle invalid; a placid entity with human affections disciplined and subdued by bodily affliction; a plaintive melody, not the less interesting and *manageable*, because set an octave lower than the vulgar pitch. Now, mark the contrast. I am a withered husk, a broken shell, a tiger-skin without even a stuffing of straw: I present to the eye the ruined surface of manhood, but the entire core is wanting. I no longer possess one passion, one tie, one link, one sympathy which connects me with humanity. The flame of life, of love, of mortal good and ill has departed from my heart for ever; but, in its place, burn steadily and solitarily the fires of hell. This, is its only inmate; every feeling, whether of blame, or praise, which once existed to unite me to my race, has perished, never to revive. Foe, or friend, may attach to me any epithet of reprobation which the animosity of the one, or the stern justice of the other, may conceive my crimes, and character, deserve;

they may proclaim me, savage, bestial, wolfish ; stigmatize me as a monster, denounce me as a fiend ; but they *cannot* call me, that perhaps, worst of all opprobrious distinctions, *Man!*

“ Instead, then, of lamenting the course which I have selected, rather consider it, as some faint atonement for the wrongs I have previously done you. As happily might you be united with one of the wandering demons of the East, as with me ; *he* could not prey more mortally upon your blood, than *I* should, upon your heart. You would find in me a ceaseless source of disappointment, inquietude, and terror ; my life, I repeat, has been one long combat, and in strife, it will conclude : even now, I am going upon a mission of deadly retribution ; and, were we to wed, in the same hour, I might prove both a bridegroom, and a corse.

“ It is not in my power, to measure the extent of your attachment to me ; but, I firmly hope, it is not so deeply planted, that it may not be eradicated, without any very violent pang. Such is my trust ; my prayers would be, *could I pray*, that our separation should not occasion you

even one instant's regret. I cannot think that a being so worthless as I, can have excited in you, any permanent feelings of affection; and, therefore, for the sake of my own consolation, I will continue to believe that you will forget me as speedily as I desire. Farewell, Ianthe; pity me; and forgive me."

As I never saw her again, nor my sister, nor any one, from whom I could learn the effects produced by this letter, I can only conjecture them. I may, however, as well state here, as I shall have no fitter opportunity of pursuing this theme, that, two years subsequently, I accidentally learned, and with much satisfaction, that Ianthe was married; and perhaps, I will hope, partially, through my means: for, though I was compelled to abandon her, I did not forget to secure to her father, in trust for her, the possession of such a sum as would enable her to follow her own inclinations, in the choice of a partner in that perilous bond, which either makes or mars two human lives.

The evening of the day on which I dismissed

my epistle to Ianthe, found me commencing a long journey. The following week, I was again pacing the deck of a vessel; and after a prosperous voyage, arrived safely in my native land.

The ensuing morn, I reached the mansion of my birth: the memorable scene of my direst calamities. I shuddered when I first saw its old black walls, and towers; but I paused not. The draw-bridge was down; and rapidly crossing it, I entered the fatal abode. I chanced to encounter none of the domestics, though numerous indications of habitation met my eye; and proceeded straight to the apartment, my father was wont most frequently to occupy. In an agony of apprehension, lest the dearest and *only* wish of my heart, should incur disappointment, I softly raised the latch; and, with a ferine exultation, a thrill of ferocious joy, which are ineffable, discovered the ruthless object of my invincible and immortal hate.

I entered the room; and again I was once more in his detested presence. He held a magnificent and glittering stalactite, which he was contemplating so profoundly, that he neither

heard nor observed me. I advanced rapidly; and suddenly confronting him, in the same moment, sternly and invectively addressed him.

“Father,” I said, “you have rendered me a very, and an eternal wretch, the most miserable, and degraded being that breathes; and I have come to thank you *condignly* for your just and righteous deed.”

He did not start, or by any change of aspect, or of hue, evince the least emotion; but, tranquilly raising his head, he regarded me, for an instant, deliberately, and scrutinizingly. Then, resuming the inspection of his fragment of quartz, he replied, in his accustomed tone, and manner of diabolical sarcasm,

“You mistake, my son; I found you the thing you pronounce yourself, ready made to my hands by those, of nature. But, you are still unaltered, I perceive; at least, in spirit, for the external tenement is a little dilapidated; yet, I dare say you can ruffle as bravely as ever.”

Long had I known too well, both the species, and the power, of the provocations to which I

should inevitably be exposed in this interview with my inhuman, and opprobrious parent; and I had resolutely endeavoured to prepare myself for the patient endurance of the most elaborate efforts of his fluent rancour. But, the very first instant wherein it was tried, all my fancied self-control deserted me; and, when he presented to me the poisoned chalice of his malignity, again, as ever, I seized, and drank it, with insane avidity, until my whole nature was converted into venom.

Beneath the stinging malice of his savage reply, delivered in those tones of mockery, and insult, which an eternity of existence could not have effaced from my memory, my wrath arose with a suddenness, and a violence, that momentarily impeded my respiration.

“Father,” at length, I hoarsely cried, “beware!—I have come hither, to seek atonement, to inflict retribution; not to sustain additional injury.”

“Atonement?” he repeated, disdainfully; “for what?—Have you not already received it?—Have I not left you, for years, in peace,

and in the possession of a princely revenue? thereby spontaneously crippling many of my own sources of enjoyment, in order to promote yours. Yet, you now ungratefully come, and shamelessly tell me, that I still owe you atonement. Churlish boy! it is *you*, who are *my* debtor."

I drew from beneath my cloak, a human hand.

"You say, truly," I rejoined; "I *am* your debtor: and behold, I present to you, one of my heaviest debts. See you this withered limb? remember you to whose frame it once belonged? and do you deem, that this deed requires no expiation?"

I advanced the ghastly object to him; he regarded it composedly.

"Well," he replied, "then, I am to understand that this is a gift to me. It is neither the most splendid, nor the most valuable, I imagine, that you might have procured in the orient land wherein I am told you have dwelt. But, I thank you; it is skilfully preserved, and you

may place it yourself in the adjoining room, among the other anatomical preparations."

"Cruel, ruthless, unnatural being!" I exclaimed, in a transport of indignation, "will nothing excite you to compunction, or commiseration? Oh, that I had the power of wreaking upon you my vengeance, as I desire! slowly, deliberately, progressively! How long, think you, wolfish, and obdurate, as you are, that your devilry would sustain contumaciously, the infliction of a mortal agony? Would that I could try! would that I could learn, whether remorseless, pitiless to others, you are yet self-regardless—whether you could sneer and scoff beneath such tortures as I could impose upon you! Oh, that I had you, where I could execute my will, I would make you eat your own heart, but I would lower you, from your towering altitude of demoniac pride and scorn, into the craving, cringing, weeping, abject supplicant!"

And as I gazed upon him, my whole soul overflowing with malice, and wrath, the painful conviction of my utter inability of personally

contending with him, could scarcely prevent me from again engaging with him in a mortal strife.

My father regarded me grimly, and loweringly.

“Do not exasperate me,” he said; “though not very choleric, you know that I *may* be excited into a flame. But, you are not worthy to effect my discomposure. Tell me, and tell me calmly, why have you sought the lion in his den? With a sorry effeminacy of feeling, which I now heartily repent, I was weak enough to entertain a sort of regret for some of the passages which have occurred between us; and consequently, in the possession of the chief portion of my wealth, you might have lived, and died, unmolested by me. Why then, I repeat, have you come hither to beard, and insult me?”

My wrath was somewhat mitigated by his tone; and I replied more tranquilly,

“Your equivalent, weighty and omnipotent as it may seem to you, is but dross to me. What avails the beauty of the prism, to the blind, or the sweetness of the lute, to the deaf? Enter a rudderless bark in the midst of the vast desert

of waters, and offer to the wretched mariner who is perishing beneath his thirst, your lumps of gold: would he thank you? would he not rather raise his dying hand in menace against you? One single drop of pure water were, in that moment, more prized by him, than all the diamonds in Golconda; yet, *once*, perchance, he would have preferred the smallest gem it yields, to all the crystal lakes, the universe contains. This, is *my* condition. There *was* a time, when, your sanction to my union with my cousin, and the tithe of that, which you have recently bestowed upon me, might have procured me unalloyed happiness. But *now*, I am like the mariner; your gold, your jewels, all the pomp, and circumstance, which riches can obtain, are to me, but even as the dross; they have arrived too late. You had previously been to me, that which the Prophet entitles the Roman army, ‘the abomination of desolation;’ you had ravaged, devastated my heart, you had laid waste its fair fruits, you had converted it into a charnel-house. And now, therefore, I too, am writhing, perishing beneath my thirst; my mouth

is parched; my tongue is fevered; my heart burns: but, *unlike* the mariner, *my* agony can only be slaked by *blood*. Now, you know the object of my presence."

Suddenly I produced a pair of pistols, the handles whereof I turned towards him.

"Choose one of these," I said, "for I have lived to learn that spacious as is this globe, it is not large enough to hold us both: one of us twain must perish to preserve the existence of the other. The purest breeze that bears the fragrance of the South, were, for me, but poison, while I retained the consciousness that you survived to contaminate even the minutest portion of the vast atmosphere. One therefore, I repeat, of us twain, must perish: choose then, your weapon."

During this speech, my father's slight discomposure had entirely disappeared; and he replied to my injunction, with his wonted air and tone of irony;

"Choose one of those weapons? Impossible! my son. Should I be mad enough to consent to your proposal, I should be eternally ruined;

for, every estimable man on earth, would shun me, were it ever discovered that I had once so derogated from my good name and station, as to deign to fight so notorious, ruffling a caitiff as you."

At these words, every portion of my being again yielded to and trembled beneath the pernicious influence of the fiery passions, which, the fierce, and inhuman author of my existence ever possessed the dangerous power of exciting by his malignant sarcasms, in the furnace of my breast.

"Father, father," I cried, "these gibes will drive me into madness. I have a dark, and desperate soul, and again I bid you, beware!"

"Son, son," he rejoined, "a man can but speak according to his natural gifts; and perchance, I should be as much justified in complaining of your violence, as you are, in storming at my apathy, which *I* denominate serenity. But, you are an ungrateful knave, and I never see you, that I do not admire the wisdom of those Thracians, who mourned when a child was born, and rejoiced when it died."

"I came not here," I sternly replied, "to

bandy words with you, to incur fresh contumely, or to suffer myself to be the butt of your ignoble raillery. I stand before you, a broken, desperate, and evil man; and *you*, my *parent*, have been the wilful, and the wanton author of my ruin. And do you think that you shall escape repayment for your deed? Fool!—hither, have I journeyed to demand atonement, and to inflict retribution; and man, nor devil, shall baffle the fulfilment of my soul's desire! Choose then, your weapon; or, by the heaven that is above me, if you are coward enough to refuse, I will butcher you on the spot whereon you stand; with as little thought of mercy, as little sense of remorse, as though I were one of the rabblement in the shambles, smiting an ox!"

"Coward? fool?" repeated my father, "I thank you; as well as for your proposition of despatching me, in a manner so compassionate to *me*, and so satisfactory to *yourself*. I do not doubt your affection, and that you would alacriously fulfil your threat, if—I would permit you. But, I promise you that my concurrence you will never have; and without it, you may as well

raise your puny arm against a mountain rock, or, in the Persian fashion, lash the ocean. Sorry knave! learn that I contemn you, far more than I hate you—learn that I laugh at your impotent, ignoble wrath! But, even the wasp may sting the lion, and a thorn may torment the side of a giant: such to me has often been the effect of your uninjurious, but vexatious malice. I know not therefore, why I should not comply with your most characteristic, and filial proposal. I shall at once confer a boon upon a grateful son, and rid myself of a fretful insect, which has obstinately buzzed in my ear, until the sound has become detestable. It is written that a man may cut off even his own right hand, if it offend him; hitherto, I have only partially availed myself of this permission, by practising upon your *left*. But now”——

“Impious perverter!” I exclaimed, vehemently interrupting him, again excited, by this inhuman sneer of triumphant malice, into a sudden paroxysm of wrath; “blasphemer! evil as you are, dare not to distort the scripture into a justification of your atrocities! Yet, say your

worst—wherefore should I heed you? ‘Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?’ ”

“How little do we know ourselves!” cried my father emphatically; “with what daring, with what stupendous effrontery, do we censure in others, the very faults which we ourselves most eminently possess! There *is* a word which possesses a respondent sound to ‘*evil*,’ that I could name, which might perchance apply to you, when *you* are quoting the scripture, even far more fitly than your epithet to me.—It might raise the ire of a saint to see the blindness of the world!—But come; I will no longer oppose your desire: let me examine the weapons, for, to confess the truth, I have no reason to place any very great reliance upon your Punic notions of either equity, or honor.”

I was too eager to attain my object, to resent this imputation; and I therefore, tacitly placed the pistols in his hands. He searched them minutely; and then, having made his choice, returned the other to me.

“Now,” he said, “we will descend to the

court; and there, we will see whether we cannot satisfy our mutual antipathy."

He made me precede him; and thus, we arrived at the yard at the back of the mansion, which was entirely protected from observation; except from the windows of the apartments, which belonged exclusively to him, and which were consequently, secure from all menial intrusion.

We then deliberately arranged the forms of our combat. Our agreement was, that we should advance from one stipulated point, to another, and fire from any portion of the interval between the two. According to this compact, we were at first, nearly thirty paces asunder, but we might approach as near as ten. If the bullets of both should fail in their sanguinary mission, we were to re-load, and renew the fight; but we were equally sensible that such an event was little likely to occur. All this preliminary proceeding, was settled as tranquilly, and formally, as though neither possessed a consciousness of the execrable nature of his intentions.

We took our ground; and two stern, bad men were, then, grimly confronted! In that

moment, I felt exultingly, that I had attained a portion of my object; the pistols of sire, and son were at length leveled at each other's breast. But, my satisfaction was not without alloy. I knew him to be perilously skilled in the use of his weapon; and was sensible that if I failed to wound him mortally by my first fire, all my hopes of vengeance were finally frustrated; for, I was well assured that he would hit, and either kill, or utterly incapacitate me.

For some moments, we remained stationarily, in this deadly opposition: then, according to the forms we had arranged, slowly and mutually approached; eye intently riveted upon eye, and each glaring into the countenance of the other, watching every, the minutest, motion, with a vigilance, an avidity of scrutiny, which only our fell passions, and our relative positions, could have inspired. Both equally knew the importance attached to the act of firing first; both equally felt its advantages, and disadvantages; for, if the bullet of either should miss its object, the other was left utterly at the mercy of his adversary; who, no longer being himself exposed

to the risk, or disturbed by the sense, of any personal peril, might then take his aim as deliberately, and steadily, as though its object were a target. Each was aware of this danger; and consequently entertained an almost equal reluctance to discharge his weapon.

But, at last, my antipathy being the stronger, my patience was the first to fail. Making a preternatural effort to steady my hand, I summoned all my energies, and slightly shifted the level of my pistol. My father's quick eye instantly discovered this change.

“By heaven,” he exclaimed, “I believe the sanguinary knave is really attempting to take my life!”

How could he have doubted my intention!—Scarcely had his words concluded, when I pulled the trigger; the bullet sped; but, it was not laden with death: it had however wounded him. He raised his hand to his temple: and withdrew it covered with blood. Instantly his countenance assumed the grim, ghastly expression it had worn, in the memorable moment when he had ruthlessly robbed me of a hand. Fire

flashed from his eyes ; and his face was swoln beneath the fierce tempest of his sanguinary wrath.

“ Hell-hound !” he cried, “ accursed miscreant ! have I not solemnly warned you that earth contains not the weapon with which you shall ever injure me ? Fool ! I tell you again, you may as well assail a mountain rock, as raise your sorry arm against my life. Worm ! I laugh at, scorn, defy your puny, fruitless efforts ! But, you have displayed a murderous, though an impotent malice ; and now, therefore,” he added pointing to his bleeding temple, “ receive a parent’s reward for this filial proof of your black heart, and unskilful hand !”

He raised the pistol ; and leveled it at me, but too accurately. In the next moment, however, he lowered it ; and again the whole expression of his countenance rapidly changed.

“ No,” he said, “ *instant* death were far too slight a punishment for such iniquities as yours ; you shall therefore, previously enjoy some of the sweets of apprehension.”

Again he aimed his weapon at me.

“ We will now,” he continued “ resume our advance ; and, in the moment wherein we arrive at the extreme verge of our boundary, you shall receive the degree of retribution you merit.”

Slowly we re-commenced our mutual approach ; all the while, the deadly implement leveled so accurately at my head, that I could almost discern the termination of the interior of its infernal barrel. I felt that my life was in the power of an evil, and remorseless man ; and I experienced a transitory impulse to attempt to preserve myself by flight. Not, that, in that moment, I dreaded death ; in the wild excitement of feeling which I then possessed, I disdained it, laughed at it ; but, I *did* dread, with an agony that is ineffable, the anticipated loss of my revenge. Strong however, as was my desire to reserve myself for the chance of some future hour of retribution ; despite too, of the morally enervating influence of the evil sentiments I had so long entertained, that invincible delusion, which is denominated *worldly honor*, still retained so firm a hold upon me, still clung so tenaciously to the ruins of my heart, that I

continued doggedly fixed to my path ; though I knew that I adhered to it, in defiance of the certainty of being butchered.

At length, we arrived at the boundary of our career ; then, my father said,

“ What I have once before told you, I now repeat ; death is too mild a punishment for you : you shall therefore, live yet a little longer to enjoy the pleasures of an approving conscience. But, do not think that your body shall escape scathless ; hope it not, my ruthless son : for every aggression upon me, I will ever have a limb in atonement. Continue then, your hostility, if it please you ; we will see which will the sooner tire, you, of assaulting, or I, of bereaving ; for, by all the bloodthirsty feelings which you have engendered in me, I swear, that I will lop you, branch by branch, until no more than a mere trunk remains ; with, to use your own foul expressions, as little thought of mercy, as little sense of remorse, as though I were one of the rabblement in the forest, hacking the worthless timber of a blasted oak !”

He paused for a moment, evidently seeking

to check the growth of his returning ire ; and then, added more passively,

“Take good heed therefore, that the next time you attempt my destruction, you succeed ; or, you shall live to rue bitterly your bungling malice. And now, to treat you, as the Spartans treated their children ; punish you not for your misdeed, but, for its failure. I cannot label my bullet, as Aster did his arrow ; and therefore, in a sorry emulation of his dexterity, I will orally acquaint you, that, it bears from me, a stern and retributive message to *the bone of my son’s left arm, beneath the shoulder joint.*”

He pulled the trigger ; and too accurately did the accursed implement of his foul cruelty, fulfil his sanguinary intention. My arm was shattered ; and hung uselessly by my side. For a moment, I gazed piteously, and in dismay, upon this additional mutilation of the fated limb ; then, turned my looks upon the calm, cold, grimly exulting countenance of my relentless foe. Instantly, my mind received a new impulse. Suffering the pistol which I still retained in my right hand, to slip quickly in my grasp, I

at last firmly seized it by the end of the barrel ; and raising the heavy handle in the air, rushed wolfishly upon my implacable parent, exclaiming

“ And this, is Philip’s vengeance !”

But, he intercepted the murderous blow which I aimed at him ; and dealt me with his own weapon, so fierce a stroke, that I was instantly stretched senselessly on the earth.

When I returned to the possession of my faculties, I found myself in my own chamber, on the very bed which had once before been drenched in my blood. It was still mid-day ; the rays of the sun descended almost perpendicularly through the casement. I gazed around me : and slowly arranged my thoughts. A rough bandage had been secured upon my wounded arm, which lay numbly, and uselessly, but not painfully, at my side. A domestic was in the room ; I invented some mission which procured for me, his absence. The instant, the door closed upon him, I arose, and descending from my couch, advanced slowly, and feebly towards the armoury.

At last, I entered the well remembered apart-

ment; where, in its wonted place, lay the formidable axe which had robbed me of a hand. I examined the edge; it possessed all its former keenness; but, the brilliancy of the blade was destroyed by the traces of my blood. Raising this deadly weapon, and supporting it, upon my shoulder, I resumed my course.

I approached my father's chamber; not a sound met my ear. The door was only partially closed; I opened it gently, and beheld him sitting with his back towards me. I entered; and, after a few stealthy paces, discerned that he was asleep. In the next moment, I stood by his side. As he slumbered beneath me, I looked down upon him with feelings of exultation which I dare not attempt to pourtray. I raised the keen axe above his head: yet, I hesitated to strike: I had not sated myself with the consciousness of possessing the power of vengeance. But, the duration of this fiendlike gratification was curtailed by the apprehension of his awaking; or of any other accident which might baffle my revenge even in the very moment of its apparent fulfilment.

“Then, now,” I thought, “to strike for the attainment of that vengeance, which would be perfect, save for the knowledge that he has but one life wherewith to sate it !”

I raised the deadly weapon still higher : in the next moment, impelled by all the fell energy that still remained to me, the trenchant blade descended ; and my victim passed instantly from the sleep of life, into that, of death.

The butchery was done : the struggle was concluded : the ceaseless thought, the all absorbing project, at once the cherished hope and the prime terror of the chief portion of my existence, which had been alternately fostered and discouraged, loathed and beloved, was at last fulfilled ! My oppressor was slaughtered ; the work of carnage was completed ; and *I* was avenged : the tongue that had scoffed me was silent, and the hand that had maimed me was still for evermore.

“ I have obeyed you,” I said huskily, and hissing between my clenched teeth ; “ I have adopted your own counsel ; and, like the Spartan child, I shall not *now*, be punished for my *failure*.”

Again I gazed intently on the senseless body ; and then, I repeated, with a hellish exultation, the very words which once he had addressed to me, in *his* hour of sanguinary triumph :

“ But you do not deign to reply ? You are as mute to me, as was the concubine,—‘ who was fallen down at the door of the house, and whose hands were on the threshold,’—to her master. Yet, now, I say to you, in the Levite’s words, ‘ Up ! and let us be going ! ’ ”

For an instant, I paused that I might glory in the silence which followed this bitter burst of diabolical exultation ; then, I added emphatically with a heart-glowing thrill of ferocious rapture,

“ But, *none answered !* ”

I resumed my tacit contemplation of the deed I had wrought ; yet, such was the immortal nature of my fiendlike wrath, that, even the bloody spectacle before me, and the consciousness of being its author, could not wholly glut it. A sense of thirst, an unappeased mysterious craving, were still within me ; I looked, and looked, and looked, but could not sate them :

ghastly as was the object that met my glaring eye, it seemed scarcely an equivalent for the wrongs I had sustained; with every faculty of my being I strove to drink it all; but still, I felt that it did not thoroughly slake the fiery fever of my arid heart.

How long a period might have elapsed, ere I should have spontaneously abandoned the gaze and the reflections which were instigated by exhaustless malice, remorseless hatred, and the sense of injuries irremediable, I know not; for, an accident abruptly terminated them.

The surface of the floor of the apartment was extremely unequal; and beneath the chair on which my father's body still remained, was a considerable indentation, wherein the life-blood poured, and accumulated, until a large pool was formed. Suddenly it overflowed; and I observed hurrying towards me, a quick, and winding stream of the dark, sanguine fluid. I started from its path, as though I had discovered a tiger in the act of springing upon me!

I advanced to the door, locked it, and retained the key. Then, hastening from the

room, I descended to one of those outer buildings, where I had left the servants who had accompanied me, on my journey. The child of one of the domestics intercepted my passage. It tottered towards me; and, catching me by my garment, for an instant impeded my progress, as looking up into my face, with a countenance beaming with the confidence, happiness, and innocence of its age, it said,

“Where is my father—I want my father—Have you a father?”

I pushed the brat rudely aside: but, I never forgot these words! I then summoned my attendants, and left the mansion. A pursuit after me, was subsequently commenced. Nevertheless in spite of my wound, by the power of gold, I succeeded in baffling it, and finally, in escaping to a foreign land: nor did I ever again return to my own.

THE END OF THE PARRICIDE'S MEMOIR.

MANY years had elapsed since the occurrence of the concluding event of the Parricide's tragical and remarkable narration; when, during an early hour on a fine summer's morn, a stranger costlily appareled, and accompanied by two mounted domestics, galloped violently, into a frontier town. As he advanced through its streets, he was compelled to diminish his pace; for, though the sun had but just risen, many of the inhabitants were already abroad. All were hurrying in one common direction; and their countenances, and the words which occasionally fell from them, equally denoted that they were assembled by some cause of general, and anxious interest.

One of the stranger's attendants, loitering for a moment in the rear, demanded of an individual in the crowd, the cause of this commotion.

“We are proceeding,” replied the man, “to witness the punishment of the wheel, inflicted on a Parricide.”

The attendant then resumed his place by the side of his companion. As they continued to advance, the throng increased. At last, they arrived in the large open space which was selected for the execution; and where, all the preparations for it had been already completed. The stranger stationed himself in the immediate vicinity of the track by which, he was told, the criminal must pass to the scaffold. He then addressed various questions to the bystanders; and thus learned several singular particulars relative to the wretched being who was sentenced to undergo this most terrific expiation of his crimes.

Many, very many years had elapsed since the commission of the murder; and though the assassin was generally supposed to be known, his capture might never have occurred, had he not spontaneously delivered himself into the hands of justice. As however, he was a foreigner, and the parricide was perpetrated in another country, the proofs too of his guilt being difficult of acquisition, even if they could be acquired at all, after several examinations, the

authorities would have emancipated him, if he would have retracted his self-inculpation. Yet, he not only resolutely maintained it, but, volunteered to procure at his own charge, from his own land, indisputable evidence of its truth. When questioned why he did not resign himself to the retribution of the laws of his native place, his answer was remarkable. He stated that the penal code of his own country comprised but two modes of execution, hanging, and decollation; and *he desired to perish on the wheel*: the reward assigned by almost every other nation, to the perpetrator of that most unnatural and heinous of offences, Parricide. Subsequently, to this singular declaration, he had not only secured sufficient proofs of his guilt, but, had obtained from his own government, its concurrence in his sentence, and in his unwonted, and terrible species of punishment.

These strange particulars, which were widely known, had excited an extent of interest in the fate of this extraordinary criminal, that was unparalleled: and consequently, not only the entire male population of the town had assem-

bled, but many residents of the surrounding district, and strangers from more distant parts, had arrived to witness his fearful death.

The individual who had elicited this singular detail, listened to it with evident and intense anxiety and pain. He then asked whether they could acquaint him with the name of the murderer. The reply was, that he was unknown; but, many supposed that he had once possessed both station and rank, in his own land.

In a short time, after the conclusion of this conversation, the melancholy procession commenced; and, at last, the malefactor himself advanced into sight, followed by two executioners; one of whom bore upon his shoulder, a large and heavy bar of iron. The usual intense silence which accompanies, even in the most turbulent rabble, the entertainment of any powerful emotion, instantly ensued. Two dense, and seemingly endless lines of pallid countenances indicated both the spectators' own feelings, and the general and terrific interest of the scene; and every eye was strainingly bent upon the chief actor in that savage tragedy, which,

pandering at once, to some of the weakest and many of the worst feelings in the human heart, had first attracted, and now threatened to compel the spell-bound presence of the stupid and half affrighted, yet still half ferocious and blood-thirsty multitude.

The object of all this barbarous, almost *ferine*, interest, was a tall, emaciated man; who, in spite of his broken and decrepit frame, had once probably been both vigorous, and comely. His eyes were sunken, and a deathlike ghastliness was on his features; a tangled mass of thick grizzled hair partially shaded a forehead on which were several scars; and his general aspect contained that fierceness, wildness, and gloom which are considered characteristic of insanity. He did not walk firmly; but, his unsteadiness arose evidently in no moral apprehension, but in physical debility.

He passed close to the stranger; who appeared inclined to address him. Once, with a violent effort, he did succeed in uttering some few hesitating words; but, they were too impeded, and confused, to be audible to the cri-

minal, who silently and unconsciously continued his path. As he approached the scaffold, and the fearful wheel became manifest to him, he evidently strove to summon all his bodily energies to his aid. From that moment, his paces were more steady; but, the struggle by which he effected this change, seemed to be the last desperate endeavour of a man who was sensibly dying.

He stepped upon the scaffold; and gazed upon the infernal altar of his coming torture, without any indication of emotion. A catholic priest presented to him the cross, and proposed to assist him with spiritual consolation: but, he declined the offer coldly, though not repulsively; as also, the permission of addressing the multitude. He merely stated to those that stood around him, that he perished a guilty man; and that he wished all to understand that he was conscious he was only doomed to incur the just, and desired reward of his crimes.

Having been deprived of his apparel, a linen cloth was tied around his loins; then, he was placed upon the wheel, and securely fettered to

it. During all this lingering process, this fearful prelude to the final and horrific strife of mind and matter, of the strength of the spirit, and the weakness of the physical man, the criminal still retained a calm, and resolute aspect ; and fixed a steady gaze upon the executioner, wherein mingled no trace of apprehension.

The signal, which was to authorize the commencement of the slow and abhorrent destruction of a human life, was then given ; and the grisly and callous ruffian, who was to inflict the atrocious sentence of hellish but legitimated cruelty, raising his ponderous bar, impelled it with all his brute energy upon the upper bone of the wretched victim's only remaining arm. It yielded a dull, and heavy sound ; and was literally crushed beneath the blow. Nevertheless, no shriek, or even groan broke from the sufferer. Those who were near him might have seen the big drops of his mortal agony gush from his forehead ; but the keenest eye could have detected no other indication of the torture he endured.

Three more blows fell ; one, upon the lower bone of the arm ; and the others, upon the two

bones of the leg. Twice more, the accursed weapon descended; and his last limb was shattered, and mangled, like its fellows. Then, the voice of the sufferer was heard.

“My destiny is fulfilled!” he faintly said: and added, with more vigor, “Lying fiend! I have defeated you!—I die fearlessly—I have *not* blenched.”

Again the executioner raised his arm; and this time, he dealt the *coup de grace*. But, it was useless: the wretched culprit was already dead.

The crowd dispersed; gloomy, depressed, and at once, tortured, glutted, and delighted by that species of horror, which arises in the contemplation of the mortal agony of a fellow being: an emotion incomparably dear to vulgar minds.

But, the stranger was of another mould; he had quitted the town, before the cruel immolation had commenced; leaving behind him one of his domestics to gather the particulars. Without the gates, he awaited this man's arrival; and the moment it occurred, he resumed his journey. All day, he rode without re-

laxing his speed; and, in the evening, arrived at the magnificent edifice which owned him for its lord.

Into a chamber, he hastened wherein were several inmates. One of them was a lady who had passed the prime of life; but, her features still indicated that she had been beautiful. The second was in the very zenith of her personal attractions; and was a lovely and graceful dame. Two children were their companions; the elder of which was perhaps about ten years old; and its sister somewhat less. Both the ladies were clothed in black; and their countenances expressed gloom and anxiety.

The younger lady threw herself into the arms of the stranger, when he entered the apartment; and they tenderly embraced. For a moment, neither spoke; at length, she said,

“Are our suspicions true?”

“Dear Marion,” he replied, “I fear that they are.”

Again there was a sad and solemn pause; and then, the stranger recounted several particulars relative to the criminal whose execution has just

been described. However, he did not communicate the mode of his punishment; and his auditors were evidently ignorant that he had undergone so merciless a death.

“Yes, *Ænone*,” said Marion, turning to her companion, “yes, it must be he. His speech alone would prove it. During our long residence together on the shores of the Mediterranean, scarcely a day elapsed that I did not hear him, either during his siesta, or during his intense, and frequent fits of abstraction, allude to some fiend whom he supposed to be pursuing him. Unhappy being! even at that time, he experienced occasional aberrations of intellect. What extent of insanity then, must not his subsequent crimes and sufferings have entailed upon him!”

The countenance of her, she called *Ænone*, exhibited an expression of speechless grief and horror. She made no attempt to reply; seeming both incapable, and conscious of her incapacity.

“Alas! alas! my brother,” resumed Marion, “what wretchedness have you again brought upon your ill-fated sister!—But, for you, my

husband," she added, turning to the stranger, "you, my children, and you, CEnone, you, alike the witnesses, and the causes of it, I should now once more believe my recent happiness, a dream."

Her husband fondly attempted to console her ; then said—

"For your brother's, own sake, you should cease to regret his death. From that strange record of his life, which though it reached us anonymously, I feel assured that he alone could have sent to us, none can fail to infer that he was, and ever must have been, utterly, inexpressibly wretched. Nature seems to have combined in him, all those discrepant, and incongruous qualities, which are most sure to entail upon their possessor unmitigated misery. What a melancholy, what a terrific, yet what an instructive picture of the consequences of self-indulgence does his stormy narrative reveal !"

CEnone, who had somewhat withdrawn, now advanced, and said, with great emotion ;

"The present, is the first time, during many years, that this unhappy theme has been recurred to by us—let me now implore you to suffer it to be the *last!*"

“ So, be it,” rejoined Marion, with equal fervor, and almost equal pathos; “ for the sake of my own peace, I will strive to forget that I ever had either father, or brother !”

Her husband tenderly embraced her; then, turning to her cousin, said

“ You were a bright example to him, CÆnone; you were both exposed to the same ordeal, yet, in that crisis of your lives, *you* obeyed the dictates of your duty, *he* abandoned himself to the impulses of his passion. You may have been slightly scathed by the struggle you then endured, you may not have escaped wholly without a scar, but, your course has, at least, secured for you, serenity and self-satisfaction: while the thorny path he then entered, has gradually conducted him from outrage to outrage, from tempest to tempest, through endless misery and remorse, to ultimately, a father’s murder, and a felon’s death.”

THE END.

NOTE.

Page 304, line 10.

As Aster did his arrow.

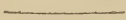
Though unwilling to imply a disrespect to his reader's erudition by the introduction of notes, yet, as a recollection of the anecdote to which the above and an ensuing passage refers is essentially necessary to their comprehension, the author transcribes it :

During the siege of Methone by Philip of Macedon, Aster, an archer, shot an arrow from the walls, bearing on it, the inscription, *To Philip's right eye*, which accurately fulfilled its errand. To this fatally convincing proof of his enemy's skill, the monarch replied in a similar spirit, by returning the same arrow with a label appended to it, on which was written, *If Philip takes the town he will hang Aster.*—The town was taken ; and the victor fulfilled his threat.

There may be one or two other historic allusions in these pages : if therefore, the reader should ever chance to have forgotten the themes upon which they are founded, the author hopes that his foregoing remark will be accepted as a just plea for the omission of any additional citations.

* * Owing to the haste, with which the previous pages

passed through the press, a number of superfluous dashes at the terminations of paragraphs, and in other inappropriate situations, escaped observation until too late for correction. Whenever they occur, the reader is requested to disregard them.



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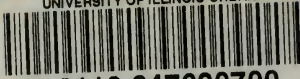








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